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JANUARY 6, 1958

America's National Sports Weekly

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**COVER: BAHAMAS VACATION**

Photograph by Text Friend

For Stan Waterman of Sangerville, Me., and his family (from top: wife Suey, Gordy and Stan-Bell) the waters of the Bahamas' reefs are the world's most beautiful playground as well as a source of material for his underwater lectures. For more on vacation in **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED'S** Southland, see page 38.

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ALL HAIL THE LUSTY LIONSJay riggs in Detroit as his football team wins the pro title. By **TEX MALLON**

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NEXT WEEK

BILL MAULDIN TOURS THE CARIBBEAN

Beginning a lively three-part series on the happy adventures of a flying fiddler, his two sons and a plane named QB-Pete

PLUS

SKIING AT ASPEN IN COLOR,
AND A CONVERSATION PIECE:
SPORTSMAN BING CROSBY



MEMO

from the publisher

NO MATTER how he travels for the rest of his life, Bill Mauldin will always to some extent be associated with the earthbound jeep, which at times played almost as dominant a role in his cartoons of World War II as these two clogging protagonists, Willie and Joe. But for Mauldin these days—and for some 60,000 others who own private planes—the way to go now is off the ground. Four years ago he took up flying, not only as an escape from traffic jams, but as a sport and as what seemed to him a particularly good system for seeing the world. The fact that during his Army years in the European theater he had already seen (and repulsed) the worm's-eye, or mud, level, on him from going for the bird's-eye view but no more than he has to, and moved to the nearby airport where he knew



Mandin, *Spokane Illustrated's* Special Contributor on Flying, has sometimes described himself as a "lower-case Lindbergh." But he takes his flying seriously, recognizing along with its opportunities for adventure and recreation its relentless demands for attention to the business at hand. After he earned his private pilot's license (he has logged more than 1,400 hours) he kept on going, now also holds a commercial license with a multi-engine and instrument rating.

Beginning next week, with the first of a three-part series, Masdin will be writing about one of the latest of his flying experiences, a 12,000-mile trip in a twin-engine Piper Apache around the Caribbean Sea. Masdin decided to make the expedition because it seemed to him of all flights at present open to the flying sportsman the one best combining the qualities of length, pleasure and safety. He suspected the Caribbean of being a private pilot's paradise, blessed with good weather and good scenery and offering, with its profusion of islands, landing strips at convenient and prudent intervals.

Accompanying him were his two children, Andy, 8, and David, 5, and Co-pilot George Moffett. This went along with Mauldin's belief that the private plane is on its way to becoming for the family almost as important an element in the world of sport as the private hunt.

How his suspicions about the Caribbean paradise and his convictions about family dying ultimately worked out is the story Maudlin starts next week—one with interest and excitement, I feel sure, not only for fiends but fathers, mothers and everyone who has felt the quiet call of the blues.

SPORTS
ILLUSTRATED

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Abstract

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[illegible]

Age Group	Total (%)	Male (%)	Female (%)
18-24	~85	~80	~90
25-34	~75	~70	~80
35-44	~65	~60	~70
45-54	~55	~50	~60
55-64	~45	~40	~50
65+	~35	~30	~40

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[illegible]

Harry Phillips

JIMMY JEMAIL'S HOTBOX



THE QUESTION: *Is the fox hunt doomed?*

RIVES S. MATTHEWS

*Shilmon, N.J.
Writer*



No! Just as the late Dr. Alfred Kinsey, with his studies of the sexes, stopped the Mardian trend to a daimonoid society, so the fox will become, as suburban spreads like poison ivy to God known where, a rallying point for the poetry who hug by helicopter to unadorned hinterlands.

MRS. ARTHUR J. McCABEN

*Former mother of the
Islands
Fairfield, Conn.*



No. Down through the centuries this question has been posed over and over again. Fox hunting has been doomed many times, but it is more active today than it has been in years. Organized fox hunting clubs may have to change locale, but they manage to survive all change and even war.

RAYARD TUCKERMAN JR.

*Boston
Insurance executive*



No. It's true that new roads have made fox hunting difficult. Also, the influx of deer has hurt the sport considerably by leading the hounds astray. However, the fact that there are more leagues registered than any other breed indicates that people still have a love of fox hunting.

continued

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HOTBOX

continued

JOHN D. BULGER



Director of education
National Wildlife
Federation

Yes, except for special shots. It's the sport of the privileged few. Miles of open country are needed. There's one hunt today for every 25 of former years. People turn loose hounds and hunters are red, staining they destroy small game.

MRS. JOHN J. McDONALD



Spacet, N. Y.

Definitely not. Fox-hunting will have to make certain concessions to change. But when the Meadow Brook on Long Island one turn out 75 persons on bitterly cold and by New Year's Day, there's nothing wrong with the future of fox hunting.

JAMES B. WESTMAN



Rutgers University
Head of Department
of Wildlife

It's becoming more difficult. Deer are numerous. Few dogs can stay on a fox hunt without chasing deer. Some dogs are being trained to chase fox exclusively, but in many places dog hunting, with horns to lead dogs on, has replaced the real fox hunt.

LYON BOWERS



Deputy fish and
game warden
New Jersey

No, but it will be cancelled. New hunting and new roads mean moving to new and distant hunting grounds. But plenty of good hunting remains. Fox hunting done with a brace or a small pack of good dogs has been increasing rapidly.

LAMBERT C. PIPPER JR.



Deputy, Colo.
Master of the
Arquian Hunt

No. There is a trend toward country life in the U.S. Training riding groups, pony clubs and junior hunts encourages many recruits to carry on the tradition. No other sport may be enjoyed by so many people of all ages regardless of their preferences.

SNOW PATROL

SPOT TO SKI: HOODOO SKI BOWL

There are four types of skiers who ought to try the Hoodoo Ski Bowl: sking lunkheads who like an area with low-budget tow prices and dormitory rates; experts who like to backbreak through fresh powder in open pine forests; nostalgic veterans who yearn for the old days when the trails didn't get packed out for a week after a storm; and you know half the people at the lodge; and skiing addicts who think the season is just getting under way in April. For these types, Hoodoo, a cozy resort high in the Cascade Mountains of Oregon, is the Spot to Ski. A three-hour drive from Portland, Hoodoo has the only chair lift in Oregon outside of the towering Mt. Hood area. The Hoodoo chair stretches 4,560 feet over a 1,580-foot vertical rise to the top of Hoodoo Butte. The runs down, a combination of open-slope and trail skiing, are mainly intermediate, but there is the famous Hoodoo Headwall and plenty of powder off in the woods for the experts. On the lower slopes



SKIERS ON HOODOO SUMMIT ADMIRE MAGNIFICENT COUNTRY OF CASCADE RANGE

are three more rope tows for beginners and lower intermediates. And you can ride all day on the ropes for \$1.50. The chair costs only \$3.50, about half the price of a day at a big resort. The cafeteria serves hot meals, and a bed at the lodge is \$2.50 per night (\$1.50 if you bring your own blankets).

The scenery here is so beautiful, and the snow so good—particularly in the late spring—that many skiers prefer touring to riding the lift. By setting out your own trail, they can pick their own trail, stop for a long, quiet lunch, then wind up the day with an easy swing back through the woods.

SKIING ACROSS THE COUNTRY

Be sure to check resorts for latest condition changes

EP—maker of snow on upper slopes and trails; **LO**—maker of snow on lower slopes and trails; **CR**—covered but Saturday **SN**—maker of snow but not

■ NORTHWEST

Hoodoo Ski Bowl, Ore. Skiing fair to good on wet snow. **LO** 12, **SN** 11.

Mount Hood, Ore. Skiers snow storm hit area last weekend, bringing new cover but clearing skiers in lower slopes. Portland Junior Chamber of Commerce ski school expects 1,500. Skiing excellent on trails between Timberline Lodge and Gorge Camp. **UP** 141, **SN** 45, **CR** 100.

Mount Spokane, Wash. All runs operating, and skiing generally excellent on fine dry cover over packed base. Ski weekend package deal including round-trip plane fare from Seattle, now being offered for \$62.10 by Western-Gro Travel Service. **UP** 36, **CR** 100, **SN** 12.

Mount Baldy, Wash. Good skiing in fresh powder left by week-long storm. Afterdark skiing also favored by snowing local residents. **SN** 75.

Sequimash Pass, Wash. Big weekend crowd skied all over Chalet Mountain. Wednesday and Thursday night skiing started January 1. Packer snow-outside is good, black striped parks, topping good stretch parks. **SN** 65, **CR** 2,000.

White Pass, Wash. Excellent skiing for expert on Cascade, Hulse Coaster. All runs operating. **UP** 150, **SN** 45.

■ PAN WEST

Dodge Ridge, Calif. Area is operating fully and skiing was excellent last weekend. Ski school holding a free clinic every Saturday and Sunday runs. **UP** 45, **LO** 27, **CR** 4,000.

Maroon Mt., Calif. Skiing excellent on five feet of packed powder. Young skiers taking to Schaeffle technique, with some innovations. **SN** 33, **CR** 2,000.

Redger Pass, Calif. Fine skiing on 21 inches of packed powder. Area featuring low prices outside for beer with lunch—\$100 and half-sitting service. **CR** 1,000.

Shasta Valley, Calif. Skiers have no best early snow in last years. Skier training camp is full swing. California Novice Championships scheduled Jan. 4-5. **UP** 45, **LO** 18, **CR** 400.

Sugar Bowl, Calif. All facilities operating for big holiday crowd, and skiing excellent. **UP** 55, **LO** 45, **SN** 5, **CR** 1,000.

Sierra Ski Bowl, Nev. Skiing fine on packed powder during week, but snow storm halted skiing on upper slopes on weekend. **UP** 30.

Squaw Valley, Calif. All facilities jammed for holiday. Crowded lifts pause covering Sugar for Indian Heights. **UP** 50, **SN** 5, **CR** 1,000.

■ WEST

San Valley, Idaho Excellent snow conditions on Baldy Mt. Ridge and College runs. Weekends enjoying steep Exhibition Run and Christmas Bowl. Tartan pull Ropeg shipment sold out before arrival. **UP** 15, **SN** 15, **CR** 1,500.

Big Mountain, Idaho Skiing excellent. Many ski attracting novices. **CR** 500.

Brighton, Idaho Excellent skiing. Park land now fully open, novices complain, as skiers skiing so hard they go to bed instead of participating. **UP** 63, **SN** 18, **CR** 2,000.

Alta, Utah Touring skiers taking to unmarked slopes as avalanche danger negligible during

past week. Deerhorn Ridge has fine powder. **Alpena, Calif.** All trails open and skiing excellent. No skiable trails even with capacity crowd. **UP** 41, **SN** 13, **CR** 1,000.

Winter Park, Calif. Conditions good with lower slopes packed. **UP** 27, **CR** 1,500.

■ SOUTHWEST

Mr. Telemark, Nixa, Mo. Conditions in Mid-west were at Telemark where two-foot last surface growth and skiable with help of a minor snowfall. **UP** 1, **LO** 6, **SN** 1, **CR** 1,000.

Alpena, Mo. Skiers snow-making machines working to improve cover on upper slopes. **UP** 4-13, **CR** 600.

■ EAST

Alpena, Mo. Conditions poor, no snow visible West, but there was some skiing last weekend for those who cared to ride Mansfield chair, ski Ted Road to Noon Dive intersection and walk back, or mush uphill from Oregon Hot to Noon and ski back. **UP** 5, **SN** 5, **CR** 1,500.

Beaumont's Moss, and Black Mt., Mo. Area produced enough artificial snow for marginal skiing.

Mount Tremblant, and Les Deuxmonts, Que. Conditions fair to good with new snow falling.

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(N.Y.) 4—J.P. 5—J.P. 6—George Mather 7—J.P. 8—J.P. 9—J.P. 10—J.P. 11—J.P. 12—J.P. 13—J.P. 14—J.P. 15—J.P. 16—J.P. 17—J.P. 18—J.P. 19—J.P. 20—J.P. 21—J.P. 22—J.P. 23—J.P. 24—J.P. 25—J.P. 26—J.P. 27—J.P. 28—J.P. 29—J.P. 30—J.P. 31—J.P. 32—J.P. 33—J.P. 34—J.P. 35—J.P. 36—J.P. 37—J.P. 38—J.P. 39—J.P. 40—J.P. 41—J.P. 42—J.P. 43—J.P. 44—J.P. 45—J.P. 46—J.P. 47—J.P. 48—J.P. 49—J.P. 50—J.P. 51—J.P. 52—J.P. 53—J.P. 54—J.P. 55—J.P. 56—J.P. 57—J.P. 58—J.P. 59—J.P. 60—J.P. 61—J.P. 62—J.P. 63—J.P. 64—J.P. 65—J.P. 66—J.P. 67—J.P. 68—J.P. 69—J.P. 70—J.P. 71—J.P. 72—J.P. 73—J.P. 74—J.P. 75—J.P. 76—J.P. 77—J.P. 78—J.P. 79—J.P. 80—J.P. 81—J.P. 82—J.P. 83—J.P. 84—J.P. 85—J.P. 86—J.P. 87—J.P. 88—J.P. 89—J.P. 90—J.P. 91—J.P. 92—J.P. 93—J.P. 94—J.P. 95—J.P. 96—J.P. 97—J.P. 98—J.P. 99—J.P. 100—J.P. 101—J.P. 102—J.P. 103—J.P. 104—J.P. 105—J.P. 106—J.P. 107—J.P. 108—J.P. 109—J.P. 110—J.P. 111—J.P. 112—J.P. 113—J.P. 114—J.P. 115—J.P. 116—J.P. 117—J.P. 118—J.P. 119—J.P. 120—J.P. 121—J.P. 122—J.P. 123—J.P. 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FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

SH—strongly sharp SF—strongly short C—cold water
H—water shiny, heavy W—water normal height SHH—
slightly high SHF—very high WH—water mod-
erately L—low H—high WHH—water hot FH—floating
good FHH—floating very good FF—floating fair FP—
floating poor CH—coldish good CHH—coldish very
good CF—coldish fair CP—coldish poor

BLACK BIRD: CALIFORNIA: FUG Lower Col-
orado River reservoirs and Lake Calhoun.
Overton Area of Lake Mead reports black
catches but few birds. FP on Lake Isabella
in last month into deep water. (12)

LOUISIANA: Monitor anglers honey, bass hungry and winter catches underweighing those of past seasons. FWS in Lake Bayou, where Spencer Hamner of Mamou landed 28 lakies in a week's angling; biggest tested 14½ pounds.

MISSISSIPPI: Bayou Bogle taking lakies in Deep Lake, where Alton Conry of Jackson pulled in 14 nine-pounds ranging to 8 pounds. Elsewhere in state TWL water flowing sport last 400 in next few weeks.

trout: FG in Central Hill Lake for smallmouth averaging 5 pounds. Dill fly, popping bugs, swimming minnows best producers.

WINTER BASS: Catching: Richards having rain and cold in delta are connecting on coopers in 10 pounds. **FCI/CMI** in Oriskany Island area of Sacramento River in spite of weather.

WORTH CAROLINA Cold weather hampering salt fishermen along Outer Banks but commercial netters still bringing in whoppers to 40 pounds. Rocky striper checked off in Croatan Sound as choppy waters pushed fish into tidal rivers where 8-year-old Lindsay Owens of Elizabeth City took 4-pounder on burltail from Portsmouth, N.C.

new road. With fishing activity light, representatives of 16 New England and Mid-Atlantic states' had and gave talks not last week at the N.Y. Athletic Club to promote hook and line legislation for striped in all states from Maine to the Carolinas. Group hopes to incorporate an Atlantic Coast Marine Sportsmen's Association with conservation of striped as chief goal.

STILLHEAD: Western Columbia: Cool if New Year brings cold weather. Plenty of fish in Conestoga, Oyster, Cargill, Quince, Conestoga, Yoder and most streams, but heavy rains and cold weather keeping water VIB FV.

060000: Fishing levee at new storm lock
west with heavy rain and strong winds. All

initial stream overflowing banks, with Yuma River also well above fishing level, CFP.
 Fishing Notes: CFP CFP. Weather: variable.

SALE/FISH: FISHERS: Key West and Marathon continue bringing in large catches. Happy clients. **041.** Further north, Palm Beach reports rough seas. **WP** but **041** for 50th annual Silver Snapper Derby running Jan. 12 to Feb. 4.

PLANT. HAZ: none harmful. Not known to pose health risk as water, neither soil and soil from lower coastal waters.

nomina: FF/CB for neck angles, but F. L. Maitfield of Atlanta doing fine on horseback nylon (a consisting of No. 4 nylon shot plinked on 1/8 or 1/4 inch back tied with clipped tail of ordinary two-color nylon thread. Maitfield's lace nests a few cents, takes minutes to make and is a concealed method for most suit-makers).

BOATLIFTING, MINNAPPA: Fishing from his own boat off Cat Cay, Ferdinand Oberst of New York hooked into 225-pound blue on 28-ounce line, landed monster in two hours.

WASHO: The Washo: Sport fishermen catching onto walrus oil along eastern edge of Tongue of the Ocean from Gooling Cay to Southmost reef as big fish hit anything rolled F. L. Reins of Washington, D.C., caught work by Buchanan Nomenclature award with (discovery taken on 100-foot line while fishing with Chester Buchanan Milton Pearce.

FROM THE FLYWAYS

N=none B=bad F=fair-up F=degeneracy
 NF=empty flight FF=fair flight GF=good flight
 EF=excellent flight GFF=good flight weather
 NF=none close (or clear) BF=Badly weather FF=poor
 GF=good GF=fair GF=good GF=good GF=good
 EF=excellent GF=excellent GF=excellent GF=excellent
 GF=good GF=good GF=good GF=good GF=good
 GF=good GF=good GF=good GF=good GF=good

CALIFORNIA: EG as Imperial Valley reports hunting, shooting of waders for **gulls**, **widgeons**, **shorebirds** and **geese**. Colorado birdslands and Three Finger Lake covered with **mallards**, EG/EPSC as windy weather keeps birds moving. Jump shooting producing easy birds on ducks in Redpoint-Texas and Upper Owens regions of Mono County, with FF of **Shawnee**, EPSC last, two months of season.

WINGS: Lake Klamath reports 18,000 *gambusia* hatching up inland down big rivers, with more still to come. *Gambusia* and *crustaceans* hatching on Lake Astoria near Labland and Islipuga east of Solberg. *Blackie* plenty but near Bendall. OK.

news: Early mornings BG near mouth of Boise River, but plenty of action all day. Brown Valley Hunting large flocks of *canadensis* for BG late afternoon in cornfields. Worm slugs near Roswell during big flight of Snake River, but equally GG in fields, nearby stream. Snake-busters taking good harvest between Grand View and Swan Falls on Snake, BG Jan. 5. Last news: white fish, Grandview, 1887.

LOUISIANA: Hunters limiting on **waterfowl** in northeast state around **White Lake**, **Black Bayou** and along **Arkansas** border. In northwest, where $\frac{1}{4}$ of state's waterfowl population is concentrated, clear weather keeping birds out of sight, sportsmen frustrated. Commercial fishermen report ducks rabbing in thousands 15 miles offshore in Gulf of Mexico Bay.

measures: Sandbars in Mississippi River above Greenville producing quick turns for

hardly gains willing to leave Unkarbani's company and instead, moves kicked up by the heat. **Mallards:** giving 400 in delta near Delta, pinkish lake. Elsewhere, high notes scattering birds from low lakes, making **FL-SF**.

NEW MEXICO: *Canis* and *mephitis* SP/FF along Rio Grande, with little action. However, persevering hunters taking *Urocyon* as *mephitis* and *taxus* on Elephant Butte Lake. Nothing done in high snow country.

WATER CALAMUS: Sage Head Flat reports birds of plains, gulls, ducks, mallards and hawks every day, with area enjoying best weather seen in history. An Osprey

Sound hunters taking easy shots on members of the SC Jan. 18. Pando's Sound from Bush Lot to Oyster Bay for black bear, green the difficulty, but with arrival of cold weather the

outlets; flights arriving daily from Upper Columbia River keeping hunters in limits as thousands of mallards, pintails, widgeons and teal concentrate in Williams Valley, where floods have swamped corn and barley fields. Ducks as plentiful that many hunters are picking and choosing only top greenhead drakes and taking limits in half hour along Williams. (Blaine, near Grand Island, 4/22/37.)

Incidents: Heavy rains in most of states east of the Rockies, reduced shooting. Keefus Lake, N.D., many birds. A duck caller on Old Hickory Lake reports his skill based on flights from the directions which collided with his blind, dropped on land, and hit him on the foot.

Source: U.S. Census Bureau, *Statistical Abstract of the United States*, 1997, Table 1201.



COMING EVENTS

JAN. 3-JAN. 12

■ TV ■ CABLE TV ■ NETWORK RUMS
All times E.S.T., except where otherwise noted

FRIDAY, JANUARY 3

- Basketball**
(Leading college games)
Clemson State vs. California Coastal, Ore.
Washington State vs. Southern California, Western Wash.
Olympians
(Phone plus or 8 a.m.)
- Boxing**
■ Felix Ortiz vs. Johnny Davis, Hollywood, 12 rds., 10 p.m. (NBC)

SATURDAY, JANUARY 4

- Basketball**
(Leading college games)
Clemson vs. Stanford, Chicago, 5 p.
Cincinnati vs. Washington, Sports, 10 p.
Indiana vs. Northwestern, Bloomington, Ind., 8:30 p.m.
(College regional Sports Network, Inc.)
Kentucky vs. Georgia Tech, Lexington, 10 p.
North Carolina vs. Wake Forest, Chapel Hill, N.C.
North Texas State vs. Kentucky, Dallas, 11 p.
Oregon State vs. UCLA, Corvallis, Ore.
St. John's vs. George Washington, Wash. D.C., Garden, New York
- 1st vs. Cincinnati, Tulsa, Oklahoma
West Virginia vs. Washington, 4 p.m., Washington, D.C.
Michigan State vs. Wayne State, Bowling Green, Mich.
(Professional)
- Philadelphia at Detroit, 2 p.m. (NBC)
Boston at Toronto
- Hockey**
■ Boston at New York, 2 p.m. (CBS)
Chicago at Toronto
Detroit at Montreal
- Golf**
■ All Star Golf, Lloyd Mangrum vs. Sammy Snead, Phoenix, Ariz., 8 p.m., in each hole race (ABC)
- Horse Racing**
Las Vegas, Monday, \$50,000, 3-yr-old & up, 7 L.
(Santa Anita, Calif.)
- Swimming**
Sport Open Trophy Race, good police, Mechanics, Va.
- Search Squads**
Joseph Rumpus Squads Championship, Detroit (through Jan. 12)
- Track & Field**
Midwestern AAU Indoor Championships, New York

SUNDAY, JANUARY 5

- Basketball**
(Professional)
Cincinnati at New York, Detroit at St. Louis
Washington vs. Boston at Providence
(through 10 p.m. telephone)
- Football**
(Grid game)
Wash. State, College 60 State vs. Penn. State, 10 p.m.
- Golf**
Walter's International, Dallas, Fla., through Jan. 12
- Hockey**
Boston at Chicago
Montreal at New York
Toronto at Detroit

MONDAY, JANUARY 6

- Basketball**
(Leading college games)
Boston State vs. Washington, Washington, 8 p.m.
New Orleans vs. Butler, Baton Rouge, La.
Washington State vs. Colorado, Boulder, Colo.
- Boxing**
■ Ernie Vier vs. Mickey Caserio, Hollywood, 12 rds., 10 p.m., 10 p.m. (NBC)
- Golf**
Los Angeles Open, \$40,000, final day, Los Angeles
- Tennis**
West Coast Championships, St. Petersburg, Fla., through Jan. 12

TUESDAY, JANUARY 7

- Basketball**
(Leading college games)
North Carolina vs. Wake Forest, Chapel Hill, N.C.
Oklahoma vs. Kansas, Norman, Okla.
North Carolina vs. St. Louis, Raleigh, N.C.
San Francisco vs. Santa Clara, San Francisco
(Professional)
- Cincinnati vs. Detroit at New York
St. Louis at New York

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 8

- Basketball**
(Lead vs. in top game)
Louisville vs. St. Louis, Louisville
Montreal vs. Boston, College Open, 10 p.m.
Temple vs. Penn State, Westbury, N.Y., 10 p.m.
(Professional)
Boston vs. Washington at St. Paul
Cincinnati vs. New York at Detroit
Cincinnati at Detroit
- Boxing**
■ Larry Beyer vs. Jiggs Hart, Hollywood, 12 rds., 10 p.m. (ABC)
- Hockey**
Toronto at New York
- Horse Racing**
Las Vegas, Tuesday, \$15,000, 3-yr-old males, 4 L., Santa Anita, Calif.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 9

- Basketball**
(Leading college games)
North Carolina vs. Virginia, Chapel Hill, N.C.
Columbus vs. Cincinnati, Wash. D.C., Garden, N.Y.
(Professional)
Montreal vs. Detroit
New York vs. Boston at Cincinnati
- Golf**
■ Bing Crosby's National Pro-Amateur Tourney, \$10,000, 1st round, 10 a.m. through Jan. 12, final day, 10:30 a.m.
- Hockey**
Boston at Detroit
Chicago at Montreal

FRIDAY, JANUARY 10

- Basketball**
(Leading college games)
Boston vs. Providence, Providence
College of the Pacific vs. San Francisco, Oakland, Calif.
Southern California vs. Texas, Los Angeles, 10 p.m.
(Professional)
Detroit vs. Washington at Philadelphia
New York at Cincinnati
St. Louis at Philadelphia
- Boxing**
All Star Middle Weight Tournament, \$10,000, Main event, through Jan. 12
- Boxing**
■ Tony Anthony vs. Fred Goetz, light heavyweight, 12 rds., 10 p.m. (ABC)
- Hockey**
Montreal, Western, 1st round, 10 p.m., Detroit, 10 p.m.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 11

- Basketball**
(Leading college games)
Indiana vs. Houston, Fort Worth, 10 p.m.
Cincinnati vs. Holy Cross, Miami, Conn.
■ Duke vs. North Carolina State, Durham, N.C., 10 p.m. (ABC)
- Georgia Tech vs. Michigan State, Atlanta, 10 p.m.
Indiana vs. Illinois, Bloomington, Ind.
Iowa State vs. Missouri, Ames, Iowa
Kansas State vs. Kentucky, Lexington, Ky.
Kentucky vs. LSU, Lexington, Ky.
Kentucky vs. North Carolina, College Park, Md.
Louisiana vs. Georgia, Athens, Ga.
Tulsa vs. Washington State, Tulsa, Okla.
UCLA vs. Idaho, San Angeles
Utah vs. Utah State, Salt Lake City
West Virginia vs. George Washington, Washington, D.C., 10 p.m.
■ Wisconsin vs. Ohio State, Dayton, Ohio, 10 p.m. (Midwest regional Sports Network, Inc.)
(Professional)
Boston at St. Louis
Washington at Detroit
Detroit at Cincinnati, 1 p.m. (NBC)
- Football**
(Grid game)
■ Detroit, Wash. 400 State vs. South 400 State, Miami, 10 p.m. (ABC)
- Hockey**
Boston at Toronto
Chicago at Detroit, 2 p.m. (CBS)
New York at Montreal
- Horse Racing**
Las Vegas, Wednesday, \$25,000, 4-yr-olds, 1 1/4 m., Santa Anita, Calif.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 12

- Basketball**
(Professional)
Boston at Cincinnati
Detroit at Spencer
Washington at St. Louis
Philadelphia at New York
- Football**
(Grid game)
■ The Bowl, 400, Eastern State vs. Western State, Los Angeles, 1 p.m. (NBC)
- Hockey**
Detroit at New York
Montreal at Chicago
Toronto at Boston
- Golf**
■ New York Open



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ALL HAIL THE

Joy overflowed in Detroit when its "unconquered" football team—unloved and scorned in August—finally beat Cleveland for the pro championship

by **TEX MAULE**

IT WAS the last Sunday of 1932, but despite the season it was an absolutely perfect day to play football. The sun was shining, the air was almost balmy and the seats of Briggs Stadium in Detroit were near to bursting with the 55,503 people who were willing to pay up to \$10 apiece to watch their home-town Lions play the Cleveland Browns for the national professional football championship. As these once scorned and unwanted Lions raked up touchdowns after touchdowns, it seemed that Briggs Stadium could hardly contain the civic joy, but that is getting ahead of the story. . . .

Two days earlier on a cold, blowy midnight, a line of people on Michigan Avenue in downtown Detroit stretched off into the darkness. One man was wrapped in an old multi-colored quilt and another had a brown Army blanket draped tastefully over his shoulders. It was a good-natured line, and when a radio announcer asked the man in the quilt if he thought the Lions had a chance to win the following Sunday, the man said at the top of his voice, "We'll kill the Browns." The line cheered and continued to wait patiently to buy tickets to the game. . . .

Governor G. Mennen Williams wired the commissioner of the National Football League and earnestly asked that the Lion-Brown championship game be put on television since it was a sellout. Bell refused (see page 22). Representative Thaddeus Machrowicz, of Detroit, wired the commissioner and pleaded passionately that the game be put

continued

Associated Press



HAPPY HEROES are Tobin Rote (above), who ran the offense, and Captain Joe Schmidt (right), who was backbone of defense.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARTIN SCHEFF

LUSTY LIONS



ALL HAIL THE LUSTY LIONS

continued

on television. Bell refused. A filling station operator spent \$200 to have an outside aerial put on his service station and entertained his customers with the telecast of the game, picked up from 75 miles away; he too watched and didn't sell any gas. . . .

That was Detroit before the Lions entertained the Browns. Like San Francisco the week before, when the Lions played the 49ers for the right to be in the championship game, Detroit was a hysterical city. Quarterback Tobin Rote was bigger than General Motors. Coach George Wilson was more important than the new Fords and Chryslers, and a ticket to the championship game was about as valuable as a Cadillac. . . .

Detroit has always liked professional football. Detroit is a lusty, thriving, vigorous city and it has found a soul mate in the lusty, thriving, vigorous game. This year's Detroit Lions have endeavored themselves to Detroit for a number of reasons, some of them logical.

Maybe the biggest reason was the innate American love of the underdog: the Lions fulfilled the role of underdog to a T. They started the season by losing a coach. Buddy Parker, the moody, intense man who had guided the club to a world championship, announced as the season was about to begin: "I have a situation here I cannot handle. This is the worst team in training camp I have ever seen. The material isn't right, but the team is dead. I don't want to get involved in another losing season, so I'm leaving Detroit football. I'm leaving tonight." He said this at a Detroit Lions locker room banquet, then stepped down from the podium and left. So the Lions had now leg strike against them, and quite a few football fans figured the second strike followed immediately when the coach named George Wilson as head coach to replace Parker.

Wilson was a very pleasant chap. He had played and on the great Chicago Bear teams of the early '40s, but he had never been more than a part-time coach for the Lions. He coached the oids and backs during the football season and then, during the rest of the year, he sold mill supplies and played golf and stuck pretty close to home and his five

children. He was a big, dark man, quiet and gentle, and no one knew very much about him. Most people liked him, including the Lion players. But only a few people had any confidence in his ability to handle a head coaching job in the tough National Football League.

The team which had prompted Parker to quit was a rowdy, gay, tough team. It didn't take kindly to the strictures of training camp. It was led and typified by Bobby Layne, a shunky, blond quarterback who was arrested on a charge of drunken driving early in the season and acquitted later because the prosecuting attorney used the most unpopular man in Detroit (admitted that Layne's Texas drawl might have sounded like the altered speech of a man in his cups). The Detroit trainer reacted to this odd bit of justification by manufacturing a sign which said, "I'm not drunk. I'm just from Texas." The team thought that was very funny, and so did everyone else in Detroit. No one blamed Bobby Layne, because, after all, Layne was the incomparable leader of the Lions, who performed miracles under pressure and who was certainly entitled to a little off-field recreation.

So, going into the season, Detroit's Lions, probably held the NFL record for adversity and perseverance. But they won three of their first four games, and then, on the heels of crippling injuries, they began to lose. Finally Layne was injured in the next to the last game of the regular season, just when the Lions were moving along again, and everyone—except the Detroit fans—gave up. But Tobin Rote, last Sunday's hero, took over Layne's duties with quiet competence, and the underdog Lions beat the Chicago Bears and the San Francisco 49ers and wound up in the championship game. Layne was out with a broken ankle; and Charlie Arc, maybe the best tackle in the league, was out with a bad knee; and Jim David, a key defensive back, was a doubtful starter; but the Lions were in the championship game anyway. No one conceded them much of a chance except the Detroit fans.

The man in the multicolored gait who shivered through the long, cold, blowy night in front of the Lion ticket office was right. The Lions murdered the Browns. George Wilson, the quiet man no one knew very well, outcoached Cleveland's Paul Brown, who is regarded by quite a few

SHARPshooters of Quarterback Tobin Rote was immeasurably aided by the boyed-up Detroit line. In this series of closeups it

provided Rote with ample time to wind up for one of his long-range throws. He completed 12 of 19 throws for four touchdowns.





KORE STERNATION RUNS AROUND IN BROWNS DEFENSE AS STEVE JUNKER TAKES NOTE TO PASS TO FOOT, BEN KONE (23) FOR WITH TIME

people in the business as the best coach in football. The crippled Lions battered the healthy, rested Browns into a state of shock in the first quarter and kept them there for the next three. They played with the tough insolence which is a trademark of this team, and they destroyed the pride of an opponent which had played the whole season with such calm efficiency. The men whom Buddy Parker had deserted in disgust because they could not be handled played brilliant football under the direction of Rote.

The Detroit fans loved it. Two men in the bleacher seats stripped to the waist and danced in the aisles, deliciously. Joe Schmidt, the wide, blond young man who is probably the best linebacker in football and who is also a co-captain of the Lions, was waltzed around the field on the shoulders of the fans for 30 minutes before he could escape to the dressing room. The crowd tried to break down the door to the Lion dressing room and nearly succeeded.

Behind that door, the Lions took their overwhelming success with the tempered joy of old pros.

"Cleveland isn't a hard team any more," said Schmidt, carefully. "They're not as tough as they used to be when they had Graham and some of those other guys. They don't hit as hard."

Alto Forte, who is the line coach of the Lions, was explaining the technique of victory. "We had four movies of the Browns," he said. "We had the last four games they played against the Rams, the Cardinals, us, and the Giants. You look at the figures, the Browns have got a great pass defense, but you got to consider that they don't have to look at any great passers in their division. Nobody like Title or Van Brocklin or Rote or Layne or Unitas. We noticed Van Brocklin hurt them pretty good in the Ram game. The Rams were picking on Don Paul and we figured we could pick on him or on Ken Kene. We figured we could throw short on Warren Lahr when we needed to, and we did. Then we set up the long ones over Kene. Kene plays back pretty deep, but he likes to come up quick to cover an inside stuff, so we faked inside and got open behind him."

Rote agreed. He was dressing in front of his locker, moving slowly, tired but unmarked. "Jim Doran told me he

could get behind Kene on a first down pass," he said. "We had set it up with the short ones and Doran got loose. It helps when you're not getting knocked on your back all the time, too. We got a real solid line, offense and defense. That defense carried us a hell of a long way this year."

Rote knows about getting knocked on his back. He risked life and limb passing for mediocre Green Bay Packers for most of his pro career. The Lions traded these good offensive linemen and a good back for Rote in July, after an emergency meeting of the coaching staff, General Manager Nick Kerksey and President Edwin J. Anderson.

"We played a defense like I never used before," said Buster Ramsey, a bulky, rugged man who pilots the Lion defense. "We figured from the movies that the guy on the Browns who kills you is Ray Renfro, so we put two men on him all the time. That let Darrel Brewster, their end, get loose a few times, but Renfro only caught one pass all during the game, and that one was only about 10 yards. And then our guys were really hitting in there and putting pressure on the passing of O'Connell and Flum."

By now the players were dressed and slowly filtering out. Wilson walked over to the washroom and bathed his face in cold water. He looked tired as he watched the players leaving.

"The big thing about them was they never quit," he said slowly. "I guess this is the fightingest team I ever saw. Maybe the layoff hurt the Browns some. I don't know. But they didn't play a game they had to win during the last month, and we had to win four in a row to get to the championship. These guys never let up. I told them at the half today, 'Remember last Sunday when you were behind 27-7 and won. The Browns can do the same thing. It's only 31-7.' And they didn't let up at all. That's the big thing about them."

He followed the players out of the dressing room, into the vast gloom under the stands. A few fans were still standing by the door, shouting at the players.

"Hey, coacher, you murdered 'em," one yelled. Wilson nodded and smiled and walked away behind his players.

Detroit was happy, and the once-unwanted Lions seemed bigger than the whole motor industry. —RHP

A STAR IS BORN

by WILLIAM F. TALBERT

SPECTATORS at Koyang edged forward in their seats. It was match point in the first singles rubber of the 1957 Davis Cup challenge round.

After two and a half hours of tennis, Mal Anderson of Australia had moved ahead 5-3 in the fifth set by breaking Harry Mackay's service, and now he led 40-30, needing only one more point for the match. Mackay had fought off two match points in the fourth set to win the set and keep the match. The crowd became tense and quiet.

At this point, Mackay shuffled over to my captain's chair and in a calm, unfaltering voice said: "Cap, I would like a new wrist band. This one is a bit loose."

Mackay adjusted the new band—a sweat-absorbing cloth band worn on the racket hand—and strode back to the base line to receive. Anderson cracked across another service. Mackay returned. Anderson volleyed to Mackay's backhand. Mackay returned it too high and Anderson sent a sharply-angled cross-court placement. Set, match and first rubber to Australia.

Fans rose to their feet and gave the players a deafening ovation. It was obvious the applause was as much for the gallantly beaten Mackay as for the victorious Anderson. As Mackay lumbered to the clubhouse with that stiff-legged walk of his, head down and shoulders sagging, I saw large tears well up in his eyes. To save him possible embarrassment I threw a towel over his head. And I must confess, somebody should have thrown a towel over my head, too, as we both walked dazedly the full 50 yards to the dressing room.

Mackay was beaten. Later that afternoon, reliable old Vic Seixas also went down in five hard sets to Australian Champion Ashley Cooper, also at 21 in 14 years his junior. The next day, our scratch doubles team—formed at

the last minute on a desperate gamble—bowed to Anderson and Murray Rosser in straight sets, and Australia again had clinched the Davis Cup.

But the campaign was far from a failure. On the final day Seixas, playing what he said would be his last Davis Cup match, won a battle over suffocating heat, aching legs and Mal Anderson in five sets. The young Mackay, already an idol to tennis-loving Australia, took the court to cut down Cooper, the Wimbledon and Forest Hills runner-up, also in five sets.

The dramatic climax—making it the first tennis Davis Cup history for the four singles matches had gone five sets—emphasized the extreme closeness of the tie. With one break—one tiny break in either of the two opening-day rubbers—Ozaky we might be heading back the cap instead of talking and thinking about it.

But the 1957 Davis Cup challenge round will not be remembered for this trivial statistic. It will live—for Australians and Americans alike—in the stirring picture of Barry Mackay, the big, good-looking boy from Ohio, and the miracle fight he made against unbelievable odds.

CALM AND CONFIDENCE

I do not know when a player has been thrust into such a crucial and important assignment with so little experience and met the responsibility with such nervous calm and confidence. The incident of the wrist band is symbolic of his tactful attitude and approach to the game. With match point against him he refused to feel he had only one or a couple more shots to make. So he asked for a new wrist band. He knew the match would go much longer. He thought we would eventually win.

The serenity of Mackay was the most heartening feature, from the American standpoint, of the ill-fated Davis Cup campaign. On this evening,

by awkward 6-foot-tall American can gain first hopes for the future. Ultimately, I do not feel anybody will be beating him in the next year or so.

I have a rather soft spot in my heart for Mackay. He hails originally from Cincinnati, my home town. He is a king-sized replica of Tony Trabert, another Cincinnati who reached the tennis pinnacle. Like Trabert, **Barry** has problems of coordination and agility, but in his powerful arms and shoulders he packs stunning dynamism. His service is one of the most powerful and destructive in the game.

Yet Mackay's promise does not lie just in his equipment, which is good. It lies in his temperament, which reflected itself from the moment he was named to the team to the time he hit the ball which beat Cooper in the final match. In the dressing room after losing to Anderson, Barry could not restrain his disappointment. Crying unabashedly, he apologized to all of us for not winning, as if he had let the team down, and then he blurted: "We will beat those sons-of-guns yet."

After losing in the doubles, Mackay came to the dressing room and sought out Gardner Mulloy, whose place he had taken. "I am sorry, Gar," he said. "I let you down."

Putting Mackay into the doubles as a partner of Seixas was the toughest decision I ever had to make as Davis Cup captain. Gardner is one of my oldest friends. We were doubles partners for years, four times U.S. champions and ranked first in the country nine times. But I felt I had to gamble on the double after losing two matches down, and I had to go with Mackay's big service.

Mackay was the heart of Australia with his big game, relaxed attitude and refreshing easy demeanor. "We shall be seeing a lot of that boy, and Harry Hopman won't like it," was a common observation among Melbourne citizens after the matches. In his opening

Barry MacKay, who very nearly missed the trip, was the big news as the U.S. failed to win back the Davis Cup. His team captain here calls him the hope of tennis

match MacKay was footfaulted seven times. He served 30 double faults. But not once did he glance at or complain to the foot-fault judge. He took it all in stride.

Barry's court mannerisms kept the Koyong galleries in hysterics, but never once did they seem fake or phony. He is not a Shakespearean actor on the court. He is perfectly natural. Sometimes after he hit a shot, Barry would run up behind it until it landed. He's a golfer following a long putt into the hole. When he hit an important winner he would jump up and down in glee, like a kid with a new toy. When he scored the clinching point against Cooper, he threw his arms high in the air and did an Indian war dance. What delighted fans most, however, was the way MacKay would upbraid himself when he made a bad shot. "Barry," he would yell at himself, within earshot of all. It never seemed comey.

A HELPING OF CANNY

MacKay is the perennial college sophomore. His dry humor spread an overcoat of good cheer over the team's breakfast, lunch and dinner sessions. His grunts produced laughs, and in the team's most trying times he helped keep tensions low and spirits high. It was not until two weeks before the challenge round that I told Barry he probably would have to play singles against the Australians. This is enough to freeze the shins of any man. For young MacKay, who never had won a

Continued on page 32



PITT'S TICKET TO THE

The air was full of elbows and ankles from coast to coast for basketball's annual holiday tournaments, and quite possibly the worst team had the best player

by JEREMIAH TAX

A N ENTRENCHMENT of sport is supposed to be the most demanding fan annually highlights the holiday season—bringing football's bowl games and basketball's Christmas tournaments. For football it is the end of a year; for basketball, the beginning.

Of the 49-odd major college basketball teams that played in the annual holiday tournaments across the country last week, the University of Pittsburgh may well have been the most inept. At the same time, it featured the skills of a chunky, cheerful young man who is easily one of the finest players on any campus in the nation—Don Leroy Henson. Pitt split two games in New York's Madison Square Garden, losing to Temple (76-71) and beating Manhattan (71-63) as Henson scored 33 points; without Henson, the Pitt team would hardly have rated tickets to watch the games.

At the end of the first three weeks of

the college season, Henson was the country's leading scorer with a 31.2 average—ahead of such workhorses as Kansas' Wilt Chamberlain, Cincinnati's Oscar Robertson and Mississippi State's Rudy Howell. To those three, he yields from nine to 18 inches in height; but neither to them nor to any other collegians this year does he yield savvy or schooling in the game of basketball.

When Henson was 3 years old, his grandfather Ernie hammered a basket to the living-room door of their home in Wampum, Pa. Thereafter, little Don, his father, grandpa Ernie, several uncles and oldest sister Janice played basketball in the living room whenever they could get together. They ruined the living-room rug and almost ruined Mrs. Henson's disposition, but they gave the boy's crackling redness and innate competitiveness some spirited workouts. Between that Wampum

living-room "gym" and the Pitt Fieldhouse, Henson has undergone the kind of training which would have made a good athlete of almost any boy. For 24 years, his father has taught history and coached basketball at Wampum High. For 14 years, he has been principal as well. In a town of Wampum's size—considerably less than 2,000—the public-education system demands multi-purpose pedagogy, so Butler Henson has also supervised athletics in the elementary and junior high schools all that time. He starts boys in the third and fourth grades at basketball—for a regulation court but with volleyball, which are somewhat smaller and lighter. There are variety teams at all three levels of the school system and Don played for his father on each of those teams. In his senior year in high school, Wampum won the state championship in the class, and Don put the finishing touches on an all-time scoring record—2,476 points—that placed him ahead of such previous Pennsylvania products as Chamberlain and Tom Gola. Butler Henson has records of his own: for eight years in a row now, Wampum has won its sectional title; over the past three years, its league win-loss figures are 113-3.

"Here's how Dad does it," Henson explained the other day. "He takes ordinary slungshots, knocks out the knees

IN KANSAS CITY'S Big Night tournament, Kansas' Wilt Chamberlain is surrounded by three Oklahoma players, a typical situation for Wilt. Kansas won 68-60, also beat Iowa State 55-48 in next round.

IN LOUISVILLE San Francisco's lucky Art Day comes down with rebound in Bigman Festival game against Seattle won by Devo 68-51. S.F. later beat the defending champions, Louisville, 62-55 for the title.

IN NEW YORK California's Bob Dutton battles for possession with NYU's Cal Hanney in Holiday Festival game won by Devo 95-83. In the next round California won overtime thriller from Dayton 84-82.



GAME

and tapes them up so you can't see through them. A player wears them about halfway down his nose, so he can see over them but not downward, and he dribbles the ball through an obstacle course of chairs—something like a ski slalom run. First with his left hand, then with his right, and he's timed for each run so he can work on increasing his speed. Sometimes Dad would make us wear gloves at the same time, to develop control over the ball. What the exercises teaches is dribbling and maneuvering without watching the ball, so you can spot a free man and pass to him. Too many players look at the ball while dribbling and miss opportunities. In a squad scrimmage, Dad will make the defending team wear heavy goggles—you know, the kind you have to buckle on. You really learn to slide with your man on defense that way, and when you take the goggles off it's so much easier. He starts kids jumping rope every day in the early grades, to develop spring and balance, and throwing heavy medicine balls around to develop strength. He's got a lot of other tricks—in addition to coaching the fundamentals, of course—and they all help."

That his father's teaching and training methods helped Henson is self-evident. "Doc" Carlson, Pitt's fiery, longtime basketball coach and present



PITT'S DON HENSON DRIBBLES AROUND TIGER CARR'S BILL HENNEY ON WAY TO SCORE

Director of Health Services for men, puts it this way: "Don Henson is a triumph of pedagogy."

When Pitt's team comes out on the court, Henson—at 5 foot 8—seems lost among the 6-footers. He might be the water boy, helping to warm up the varsity. But when he strips off his sweat suit to reveal a solid 185 pounds of smooth muscle, and when he starts throwing the ball at the basket from fantastic angles and with equally fantastic accuracy, it is clear that here indeed is a triumph of coordination and teaching. Every rival coach has testified that it is next to impossible to contain

him. A consensus summary reads thus: "When Henson brings the ball up-court, he'll take his shot right off the dribble without an instant's hesitation if you lay off him the least bit. If you go after him, he'll go around you so fast that you don't even have time to foul him. If you double-team him, he'll get the ball to a free teammate." Duquesne Coach Dudley Moore, the most astute judge of campus talent in the country, says: "If I had my pick of college players I've seen, I'd take Chamberlain first and Henson second." If this statement, made just

continued on page 55

IN LEXINGTON North Carolina's Len Shaffer gets rebound in Kentucky Invitational game with Minnesota that Tarkenton won 78-67. Later beaten by West Virginia, Carolina came back to win in Dixie Classic.



IN OKLAHOMA CITY'S All-College tournament, Niagara's Tom Trueblood sinks layup as Knight beat Windsor, Kentucky 77-74. Later, San Francisco won this year's cup, beating Minnesota 69-64-65.



IN CHARLOTTE Clemson's Walt Gibson is fouled as he shoots by Alabama's E. B. Hammer in Carolana tournament game won by Tide 78-75. Alabama went on to defeat Kentucky, Tide 69-62-64-65.



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

CHEERING TENNIS

THREE WEEKS ago when Bill Talbert spoke optimistically of his Davis Cup team ("The boys are sharp and getting sharper") sounds of dejection filled the tennis air from the Antipodes to the U.S. Talbert and Co. had crumbled almost hopelessly before managing to beat Belgium in the Interzone Finals, and the American mixture of callow youth and bobbing antiquity was given little chance of escaping a third consecutive shut-out at the hands of the Australians. The *New York Times* called the U.S. Davis Cup prospects a "Study in Futility."

True, the United States failed to bring home the Davis Cup, but, as 44,000 people who quivered with excitement in Keenoy Stadium will attest, the U.S. team played some pretty cheering tennis.

Twenty-two-year-old Barry MacKay, who last June was only a 6-foot 4-inch snarl of arms and legs when he graduated from the University of Michigan, proved that this country can still produce first-class young tennis players—and in so doing sent back an echo of encouragement to those who have been trying to build tennis back to its rightful position in this country. Although he had never played before more than a few hundred at any time in his life, he carried the best amateur in the world, Mal Anderson, to five sets before losing the opening singles (see page 12). On the final day he beat the Aussie's No. 2 man, Ashley Cooper. In both matches MacKay rallied with a determination that was as significant as his blaring service, Meanwhile, Vic Selez 34 and playing what may very well have been his last Davis Cup match, gave the U.S. a final wink of glory by beating Anderson 13-11 in the fifth set, apparently on desire alone.

Welcome home; all is forgiven.

SPORT IN SPACE

SINCE this magazine last went to press the mighty military arm of the U.S. have been testing missiles through the stratosphere with all the purposive abandon of a quarterback caught with his score down in the last 40 seconds of play. As one of these planetary pass-and-spyward support-minded sunbather on a Florida beach suddenly rose like a twenty Venus from the seashells to shout at its flailing tail: "That's the way to do it, baby! Go get 'em!"

Whether or not this vocative body-English contributed materially to the first successful flight of the Air Force Atlas may never be known, but, in a time of pedagogical argument over the relative value of science and sport, it offers a healthy suggestion of interdependence. The lion's share of responsibility for the world's future may now rest with those once dismissed with a snort as groggy-grinds, but the competitive spirit summoned up by a nation's cheerleaders still packs a propulsive wallop as potent as that of any lab-distilled fuel.

Behind the thrilling suggestion of the cold-blooded triumph of science in last

week's headlines was many a reassuring hint of burgeoning dependence on the sporting spirit. It was certainly no mere hunger for facts that prompted young Scout Crossfield, a husband and the father of five, to volunteer his services as the world's pioneer space traveler (see page 32). It was equally certain, according to another man of pure science who figured in the week's news, that Scott's efforts and those of his successors would be of little avail without the aid and success of sport. One of the major problems of space travel, said Dr. George Marglin, a pioneer researcher in space survival, will be how to provide the traveler with sufficient opportunity for exercise. A leading psychologist went so far as to suggest to the American Association for the Advancement of Science that no spaceman should set forth on a trip to the stars without a spacewoman to keep him company.

"Games that require a reasonable amount of exercise and include the opportunity to hit something," a psychiatrist told a group of Canadian doctors, "can help to relieve both tension and anxiety." However, the good doctor added, lest twitely patients—and the nations of the world—take to

THEY SAID IT . . .

- **POWELL CROSBLEY JR.**, owner of the Cincinnati Redlegs: "I'm liable to move the Redlegs. Every other club in the National League would love to see us move to New York."
- **FRANK LEAHY**, when asked by a clerk in a Chicago hospital what occupation she should list on his admission card: "Just put down that I'm a traveling man."
- **SLATER MARTIN**, St. Louis Hawks basketball player, as quoted by Robert L. Brown in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat: "The toughest part of the job of guarding Bob Cousy is that if he snuck a temptation to shoot back and offend him."
- **FRANK SHAUGHNESSY**, president of the International League, commenting on a major league proposal to feature Sunday baseball games: "If they blunder as with television on Sunday, the best day we have, then we're finished."
- **EDDIE ARCAD**, as reported by Joe Hyman in the New York Herald Tribune, reluctantly replying to a friend's question if he were a millionaire: "I am, unless I get short-changed during the past 24 hours."

exhaling each other with too much enthusiasm. It is important that the games be played "just for fun."

CALL VICTOR 6.5713

WITH FRANK LEAHY eliminated for reasons of health, the search for a big-name football coach to succeed Paul (Bear) Bryant at Texas A&M is right back where it was when Bryant, the old character builder, first announced that he was returning to his alma mater, Alabama.

Texas, who are accustomed to getting anything that money can buy,

and then his legs suddenly skidding out from under him, the gifts flying.

Scene: The hospital in Michigan City, Indiana. Coach Leahy, a leg held aloft by pulleys, a broken ankle in plaster cast. Statement in response to statement by Dr. M. T. Harrington, president of Texas A&M, to effect that Leahy will be new head coach and athletic director: "It is 99% definite. I will know as soon as I have had a physical checkup. I couldn't go back to coaching without doing that because I had some serious trouble." It was a stomach disorder that forced Coach Leahy to resign at Notre Dame in 1953.

Scene: A room in Chicago's Passavant Hospital. Coach Leahy, sitting up in chair, explains decision to get physical checkup: "While I was conferring with Texas A&M officials, one of the athletic board members, Doc Doberty, looked me right in the eye and said, 'Coach Leahy, are you certain you are physically able to han-

dle this job?' I got to thinking . . ."

The expense mounts. As laboratory tests proceed, Coach Leahy says he will name his old Notre Dame assistant, Bob McBride, as No. 2 man at Texas. Leahy to be head coach, but in three years' time hoping to turn the active coaching over to McBride, retaining the post of athletic director himself.

Meanwhile, in Texas, the sports-writers revel in the absorbing hypar up north. It comes out that Leahy's salary would be \$16,000 a year as against Bryant's \$15,000, but as with Bryant, Leahy's would be a salary with a fringe on top, all sorts of fringes really, a house, business deals and television shows.

As the drama draws to a close, the question hangs agonizingly in the air like a soap opera teaser: "Will laboratory tests show Coach Frank Leahy is physically able to face the rigors of big-time coaching? Turn in tomorrow, same time."

continued

PATTERSON MAY GO TO LONDON TO FIGHT

—HARRY SHAW

are now beginning to wonder not what is wrong with Texas (lar, of course, nothing is), but what kind of perverse fate is looting up the football situation. Prior to the unhappy findings of Leahy's physician (his condition does not affect normal activity, but is said to be unequal to the rigors of coaching), two other big names had been approached. Duffy Daugherty found he could not tear himself away from Michigan State. Red Sanders of UCLA was told what grateful Texas A&M alumni could do for a coach in the way of oil deals and stock market tips to supplement the walking-around-money salary of \$15,000 a year. Sanders seemed to be tempted, but scall him a sentimentalist if you like: when he went back home to Los Angeles, he began to speak almost tearfully of his duty. While he was regaining his composure, he hadn't the strength to protest against a raise in pay, a raise in expense money, a new station wagon every year and \$1,000 a year for the upkeep.

Now the stage was cleared for Frank Leahy, and he swiftly made the preceding actors in the piece look like bit players in the Late Late Show. Leahy liked what he heard, made no effort to conceal the fact that he was interested.

But first, Leahy let the air fill itself with rumors. Then there leaked out a tantalizing fragment of a phone conversation in which Mrs. Leahy was said to have told a friend: "I'm going to love living in Texas." And then:

Scene: The Leahy home in Long Beach, Indiana. Time: Christmas Eve. Soft strains of "It came upon the mid-night clear" are heard in the background. The father laden with gifts hurrying down the icy path to the door



Is there no better dish to put before the king?

✓

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued

Lesky, in a confident aside, muses: "I have been asked if I will attempt to schedule a game with Notre Dame. I can only say that it is an honor for any team to have a place on Notre Dame's schedule. I would be delighted to see such a game arranged."

"Have I kept up my contacts that may bring promising prospects to Texas? I have, indeed. It is not unlikely that some lads from the Middle West will now decide to enroll at Texas A&M. That will be fine with me and with the Texas A&M authorities. I understand there were seven lads from outside Texas on the 1937 squad."

The curtain is about to fall. The results of the laboratory tests arrive. The news is bad—for Lesky and for everyone who flows swirling football, whether they approve of Lesky methods or not.

Frank Lesky says he is "deeply distressed." He wonders if Texas A&M would consider him for athletic director with McBride as head coach. In Florida, Dr. Harrington shakes his head. "We're looking for a coach," he said after the Gator Bowl game which was Bear Bryant's farewell.

What now? Who next? Well, there is Forest Evanscheid at Iowa, Jack Curdies at the University of Utah, Floyd Schwartzwalder at Syracuse. Maybe Carl Snavely, the Gray Fox who turned his back on the big time to coach low-pressure football at Washington University in St. Louis. Any one of them conceivably might listen to the Texas tale.

For all other candidates, the post address is Texas A&M, College Station, Texas. Phone: Victor 6-5713.

KADAR'S HUNGARY

BEFORE a capacity crowd of 90,000 in Hanover's Niedersachsen Stadium last week a Hungarian soccer team, described as "madhouse" by local sportswriters, went down to humiliating defeat by West Germany. The fate of the Magyar dribblers and the adjective applied to them were both characteristic of what has happened to Hungarian sports in the year since Magyar Olympians competing at Melbourne made of their athletic prowess a symbol of the life-and-death struggle taking place in their homeland.

Only a few more than half of the 100 athletes who went to Australia ever returned to Hungary. More than a score came to America, found jobs

and a new life (see 1938 issue). Those who went home found the atmosphere drastically changed by a once-bitten Red government that had grown more than twice shy. Despite what seemed to be a determined effort to make political capital of their returning heroes and to organize an efficient sport machine on the Soviet style around them, the Kadar government bore down hard on would-be athletes.

Many of Hungary's top performers have been benched—or worse—for political unreliability. Lesser figures have found little encouragement to climb to the top. Top stars who once spent almost the entire year training luxuriously on salaries equal to those of the nation's doctors and engineers found themselves faced with the need to earn a living at workaday jobs.

"Now," said an ex-Olympic star in Vienna last week, "the sports clubs get only half as much money as they used to, and athletes' stipends have been

cut from 600 to 400 forints a month." Beyond these privations, the jittery government has to a great extent deprived potential athletic stars of the finest incentive of all—the chance to get away from Hungary.

NEVER ASK A STRANGER

A BASKETBALL OFFICIAL named Mel Ross, whose home base is Oklahoma City, flew from San Francisco to Denver the other day to work a game between Drake University and the Air Force Academy. Over a coffee at the airport a stranger gave him directions to the academy. Following the advice, Ross paid \$8 for a bus ticket for the 73-mile trip to Colorado Springs, then rented a car for \$20 to drive out to the academy site. There he got a fine unobscured view of the academy's ultimate home, now under construction and scheduled to be ready for the airman in the fall of 1958. The basketball



"They were gone if the old college try."

game, a foreman pointed out, was being played at the academy's temporary layout in Denver.

Ross called Denver, said he was on his way. Still in his hired car, he roared down the highway, was promptly arrested for speeding and fined \$104.

Ross never did make the game. Too bad, too, because the \$62 fee would have been at least something toward the day's expenses: a total of \$395.10—including the cup of coffee at the airport.

SAX OPENS STRONG

WHILE most basketball coaches are content merely to win the old hall games, Saxon Cameron (Sax) Elliot of Los Angeles State is not. A successful campaign for Elliot is indicated here by his won-lost record (39-11 last season) than by the number of fresh ideas he can bring to the game.

This season Sax has opened strong. His latest idea is a "remote control" referee who watches the game via closed-circuit television from the safety and quiet of a nearby room and beams out his calls and whistle blasts over a public-address system. Elliot tried it out the other day but it was not a pronounced success. The TV cameramen, unfortunately, was no sports expert. He had trouble following the ball but got many excellent shots of the spectators. Elliot hopes eventually to eliminate human failure by having three fixed cameras which will take pictures of the entire court.

Of course, the remote-control referee is only an electronic refinement of Elliot's old device of hanging an official from a painter's chair over the center of the court, or suspending one above each backboard. The reasoning behind this particular, even perfidious, experiment was that the referee would thereby be able to spot foul his grounded counterparts missed. The scheme was short-lived. For one thing, the official spent the early part of the game wondering if he was going to stay up and neglecting the action below. For another, once accustomed to his perch, he called too many fouls and was a sitting duck for the wrath of the fans. Towards eliminating this condition, incidentally, Elliot once suggested that officials wear earplugs so they would not be disturbed by booing and catcalls.

But Elliot's main concern is to eliminate the present advantage of the tall man. "I have always felt," he has said, "that a little man should have an equalizer in this game. And I always felt the way to get some sensible rules

in the book was to try something to get around the big boys."

One year, when Elliot's team had to play an opponent with a decided height advantage, he built up the soles of his athletes' shoes with as much as six inches of rubber until each player was exactly the same height as the man he was to play against. His artificially elevated team played very well for one half but then the glue which secured the platform soles to the shoes began to lose its adhesiveness and so did the team.

Among Elliot's other antiquon-inventions—not all of which, of course, have gone beyond his busy mind—have been moving backboards "so the big man couldn't just stand under a basket and make it a shoot shoot"; rotating hoops; and two baskets and backboards, one at 14 feet for those over 5 feet to aim at, the other at the regulation 10 feet.

Elliot's interest in the dynamics of color has also prompted him to paint the basketball bright orange, and to stripe it and polka-dot it and to tinker with fluorescent uniforms.

But the most celebrated achievement of Elliot's career came on the night John Barber scored 188 points. That was several years back, when 6-foot 7-inch Bevo Francis of tiny Rio Grande College was scoring as many as 114 points a game. Elliot claimed that Francis was just a good player who was led the ball whenever a basket was imminent, that Rio Grande played mediocre opposition and that what resulted was a decided monkey.

Elliot therefore selected Barber, an



LITTLE WILLIE DEPT.

Little Willie, new to this.
Tried to schme between two trees.
Said Willie's drier with a smirk,
I rather thought it wouldn't work.

CONRAD DOMINICK

ordinary 5-foot 6-inch player, and arranged that he be fed the ball at every scoring opportunity when LA State played feeble Chagrin College. State won 232 to 78 with Barber shooting his head off.

Elliot never followed it up. "The point was," said Sax, "that feeding Barber the ball would have gotten us killed by a good team. He would have scored 100 points but they would have scored 200."

BEGINNERS' BUCK

A TENDERFOOT hunter from Baltimore more brought a curious problem the other day to Graydon Dunlap, a state game checker in western Maryland. He had his deer all right, he told Dunlap, but he hadn't shot it, he had captured it. Could he check out a live deer?

Curious, Dunlap stepped outside the game station to have a look. Then he gave him riling: the prize would have to be returned. It wasn't a deer, he told the city boy gently; it was a goat.

SATURDAY'S STEPCHILDREN

WHEN the last of the Christmas turkey has been consumed and the worst New Year hangover is done, the football buffs of the nation gather over America's banquet tables to talk of Army and Harvard and Texas A&M, of ardentible but beaten Oklahoma and other great and famous teams.

Last week, fired with just as much enthusiasm, a handful of buffs got together to munch on gridiron fry as small that few had ever heard of them. They were the men of the Grid Soccer League whose purpose is to keep the competitive fire burning on the gridirons of those they call Saturday's Stepchildren.

The GSL cares less for Yale than for Radcliffe, less for SMU than for Calwex and Friendship and Hope and Tongueless Southern Christian and the College of Puget Sound.

Last week at its award banquet the league singled out as "the most neglected" footballers of the year, the stalwarts of Quachita College, the pride of Arkadelphia, Ark., who 10 times in 1957 marched against the foe to the utter indifference of the nation at large.

With companionship beyond that of most fans, they even bestowed a special award on Assistant Coach Gerald Brittain of Pittsburgh State Teachers of Kansas, who was killed by a goal-post during a practice session.

VITAL STATISTICS

As the world's turning brought the new year, vital statistics almost crowded the traditional avalanche of other year-end statistics off the sports pages. Official earned run averages, yards gained rushing and won-lost records seemed pale, for instance, when compared with a marriage, the birth of twins and an engagement that, well, wasn't quite.



A QUEEN'S DAUGHTER is Dayle Courtois of San Mateo, Calif.—not 11 old enough to follow her mother's precedent and fill a role in Pasadena's annual Rose Bowl pageant on New Year's Day. Dayle's mission: to ride on the Quaker Oats float, dressed as a little ballerina dreaming of the day she will perform in *Romeo and Juliet*. Admiring her daughter's costume is Mrs. Cheryl Walker Courtois, Rose Queen of the 1945 football game. "California 33, Alabama 0," Mrs. Courtois's brief reign brought her a measure of fame. The day after the game she was signed by Paramount and a six-year film career followed, including a starring role in the wartime hit, *Stage Door Canteen*. She is married to Dr. Jay B. Courtois, head of the radiology department at Cedars Hospital, a non-enthusiastic gardener—the landscaped her own yard—and shoots golf in the 80s.



AN ENGAGING TARN was the news story that Paul Herring, Green Bay Packers back, had sent an engagement ring inside a football as a Christmas present to Pat Mowry (shown in a Los Angeles TV auction and former Miss New Hampshire). Herring was it wasn't so. "I don't think it was very funny," he said, "although I laughed when I heard about it." Wished Pat: "This whole thing has made me so sick, I just feel like taking some pills and going to bed." She blamed the report on "this girl who came to town, her name ... really a southern character. ... I've been out with Faye Froyer and all, but it hurts because I really am in love with Paul. I mean, I haven't dated any other kids."



TO THE CHURCH at 5 o'clock in Don Larsen, Yankee right-hander and onetime Playboy of the Baseball World, who, as they once said, feared nothing but too much sleep. Larsen, 28, celebrated for picking the only perfect game in World Series history, was married at Hennepin, Minn., to Corinne Audrey Braun, 23, a former airline stewardess.



A BUMPER CROP of babies, the best of all possible Christmas presents, arrived in the households of the Babe Ruths (left), Mickey Mantles (center) and Ray Croons (right). At Joplin, Mo., Mellyn Mantle gave birth to a husky 7-pound 12-ounce boy—her third—who was named Billy after Mickey's buddy and former Yankee teammate, Billy Martin. Martin, whose real name, incidentally, is Alfred Mansel, was on a deer hunting trip with Mantle in Texas when the baby arrived. It was twins at Athens, Texas, for Jo Ann Moore, wife of the 1944 Olympic triple gold medal winner: Viki Jo (left), 8 pounds 4½ ounces, and Ron Floyd, 8 pounds 11 ounces. "That boy does everything first class," said Bobby's track coach, Oliver Jackson. Joann Croon, whose husband pitches for the San Francisco Giants, had a daughter, Mary Ellen (7 pounds 6 ounces), at Windsor, Conn. Peering curiously from the arms of Papa is 18-month-old Candi Anne.



MEN AND



Bert Bell, who said "No" to the governor

THE most of the National Football League is a short, fat man with a will of iron. If and when he has made a decision it is useless to attempt to change his mind, either by threat or persuasion. Even if, like G. Mervin (Soapy) Williams, you happen to be the governor of Michigan.

Governor Williams learned this last week after Bert Bell announced that there would be no Detroit area TV of the Detroit Lions-Cleveland Browns championship game on pay-per-view, even though the Detroit stadium was sold out. Joined by other Michigan politicians bright enough to see that a fan is nothing more or less than a voter, Soapy wired Bell urging him to reconsider "in the interest of the sport."

Detroit newspapers, which, like Soapy and his fellow effectboilers had not complained all year about the weekly blackout of the beloved under-the-weather-lan, took up the cry. Papers sold like 50-yard-line tickets and the issue quickly became the Case of the People vs. Bert Bell. "Hundreds of thousands of Detroit fans are being snubbed," cried the Detroit Times in a front-page

editorial. Bill Ford, a vice-president of the Ford Motor Company and a director of the Lions, was appealed to in behalf of the entire population of Detroit (without tickets, that is), whether auto workers or not. The people's case against Bert Bell came ridiculously close to declaring Detroit football a public utility.

By late Friday, Williams had received no answer from Bell, who by this time had arrived in Detroit and nestled comfortably in the presidential suite at the Sherman-Cadillac Hotel. But Williams knew what the answer meant. Said his legal adviser, Alfred R. Pitt: "I'm afraid he's within his legal rights."

Bell had the last word: "I don't believe there is any honesty in selling a person a ticket and then, after you've taken his dollars, decide to put the game on television where he could have seen it for nothing. I've been condemned for a lot of things, but this is the first time I've been condemned for being honest. As long as I have anything to do with this league, home games won't be televised. Period."

Scott Crossfield, who said, "It's my calling"

EVER since it became apparent that the U.S. will, sooner or later, dispatch one of its citizens on voyages of discovery in space, the mails to Washington have been bearing a steady stream of applications. A few offer to trade great risk for wealth (one man wants \$2 million plus a career year to spend it), but most applicants are motivated by simple patriotism. Among these eager volunteers are teen-agers, a young woman schoolteacher from New England, ex-soldiers and a Greek immigrant who wants to "repay America for great opportunity." But the first U.S. spaceman—the first spaceman, probably, of any nationality, has already been chosen. He is a slim, black-haired civilian test pilot named Scott Crossfield and his selection was based on one unemotional factor—professionalism.

Crossfield was deemed the man best suited to fly North America's experi-

mental rocket plane X 15. His acceptance was equally unemotional. But in the next few months he may nevertheless become one of earth's greatest adventurers—and aperturers. When he is dropped from a mother plane the tiny rocket ship will shoot straight up at fantastic speed and carry him to true space, perhaps a hundred miles high. Eventually, for a time, he will experience weightlessness. Then he must attempt—after falling back to atmosphere capable of supporting his wings again—to glide to a landing.

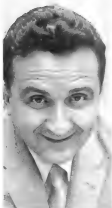
Crossfield is a quiet intellectual and a family man—he has five children. Why is he willing to assume such enormous risk? "It is my calling," he told the New York World Tribune's Stewart Alsop.

"If you want to do big things," he ended diffidently, "you must accept an element of risk."



THEIR DECISIONS

Ben Kerner, who said, "I'll buy"



IN MID-NOVEMBER, Ben Kerner, owner of the St. Louis Hawks professional basketball team, noted the enthusiasm of his players for a new, flashy sports coat worn by Teammate Bob Pettit. The Hawks then had a season 4-5 record and Kerner wanted to stir them up.

"You fellows win five straight," he said, "and I'll buy all 12 of you new sports coats."

So they won five straight and Kerner paid for the coats.

"Let's keep this going," said Kerner. "You win tomorrow night in Detroit, and I'll buy sports shirts to boot." They did.

On November 28 the Hawks won again, at home. Kerner set new ground rules. "After a streak of five, only road games count. Beat Minneapolis on the 30th and I'll buy slacks."

The Hawks lost their slacks in Minneapolis: 118-113. They won their next game, but then lost three in a row.

"The slacks are out," said Kerner. "I'm superstitious; they broke our last streak. You win five in a row and I'll buy shoes."

On December 15 the Hawks beat Minneapolis for their fifth straight and won their shoes.

"Okay, now the slacks," said Kerner. "Beat Detroit on the 17th."

The score: St. Louis 106, Detroit 99. The Hawks got their slacks. They were leading the league by 8½ games and Kerner had now spent more than \$100 per man on clothes. But how could he quit?

"Okay, sweaters," he said. "You beat Syracuse on the 21st and I'll spring for sweaters all around."

The Hawks set a new league record of 146 points in beating Syracuse—and in winning sweaters, of course.

Kerner got a breather with the next game. The Hawks beat Minneapolis at home. By this time the players' wives were feeling slighted. So Kerner promised hats and handbags if the streak remained unbroken.

Well, last Thursday night Detroit came to St. Louis and broke the string.

"And a good thing, too," says Kerner. "After satisfying their wives, those guys were talking about cars next."

Casey Stengel, who was envious



FEET ON DESK and mouth wide open, Casey Stengel samples an executive posture in the Glendale (Calif.) National Bank, which opened last week with Casey a director. Spurred Stengel, on learning the bank had a bookkeeping machine which did the work of eight men: "I ought to have one of those things installed."

Frank Leahy, who regretted



APRILE IN CAST from a fracture suffered on Christmas Eve, Frank Leahy underwent five hours of surgery in Chicago, awaiting an examination to determine whether he could take a coaching job at Texas A&M (see page 17). The verdict: coaching would endanger his health. Brooded Leahy: "I am deeply distressed."

SURFEIT OF SQUASH

TWENTY-THREE-THREE STEPHEN VETTERLAGE, an 18-year-old Princeton Freshman from Haverford, Pa., is a young squash star of unusual promise. In an indoor racquets game known for its speed and intricacy, he is displaying style exceptional for his age though understandable in light of his background. When he was 7 Stephen began to swing a squash racket at the Main Line's Merion Cricket Club, a quietly intense organization that has produced more than its share of national squash champions. Stephen dreams of being national champion himself, and is showing that some day he may well be. But it is doubtful that he will ever turn a day as trying as last Friday in Manhattan, when he played four matches in two tournaments at two separate clubs. Formerly running errands late afternoon he scuttled between the Princeton Club and the University Club, 17 blocks apart, played the first two rounds of the National Junior Championship and the semifinal and final round of the 29th Annual Institution Intercollegiate Championship, later in the holiday week he became National Junior Champion for the third straight year, but on that frenetic Friday, as pictured here, young Stephen Vetterlage enjoyed a surfeit of squash.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GERRY MONTAGNA



9 A.M. Serene Stephen Vetterlage (center) waits for a match at the Princeton Club



10:15 A.M. A busy Vetterlage in a tight squeeze as he gets into the University Club



11:00 A.M. Vetterlage is busy at work (top left) with Poppy (bottom left)



11:45 A.M. Happy Vetterlage gets ready for next-scheduled tourney

4 P.M. About halfway into college's finals



SEMIFINALS: A confident Vetslaga outpaces Silver Starford, Williams, senior and second-ranked collegian, D.S., to win way to college finals.



FINALS: A weary Vetslaga, outplayed now, faces a masterful Richard Hester, a Dartmouth junior and third-ranked collegian, 3-1.



7 P.M.: A fatigued Vetslaga enjoys Junior Government Banquet at Potomac Club.



11 P.M.: A straggly Vetslaga waits for day's last taxi ride on his road to bed.



DISE-TODOWN: OILIER



SUN-KISSED NIGHTSEER



FREEPORT
FREEPORTER

Sports Illustrated South:
a 20-page compendium of vacation
delights beginning here with
the Travel Editor's guide to some

ODD BIRDS

SO MANY HOMEBOYS have sprung up across the 4,000-mile Isthmus belt stretching from Miami to Manzanillo that a sun-seeker heading south in winter must decide just what sort of bird he really is. To ease the problem of selecting a place to roost until the iceberg melt, I have classified migratory types in a pocket-sized directory known as *South's South: Subtropical and Subtropical*. While parodied types are indeed rare, most, sun-seekers are hybrids—a man who recognizes his own personality in the tables that follow should have no trouble making the barmiest fit the clime.

THE BODY-BODY-BROILER

The garden variety of wintertime toaster is, of course, the Man-Body-Broiler. He sports the luminous look of a man who spent 14 years on the bridge of the freighter *Choo-choo*, sailing brightly between Panama and Manzanillo. If the truth be known, he had a February week in Barbados, which he has parlayed into a winterlong tan by hiding under the barber's shop sun lamp. The mere thought of losing his tan makes him feverish. For the Broiler a sun-burn has twin rewards. First, a winter week's sojourn in the South can camouflage three months' winter disfigurement up North. Second, there is that exquisite moment when, having returned to the frozen wastes, he stands silently in the office until some miserable paleface finally asks, "Good God, man, where did you get that tan?"

Body-Broilers roost the copious in two ways, requiring the touristologist to subdivide the Broiler into two categories. The first, or inert Broiler, is the SUN FLOPPER. He throws himself down at the sight of the first palm frond. His equipment is simple: all he needs is oil, shorts, a white plastic nose guard and a ticket south. He nests on the seamen strewn around Miami Beach swimming pools, on the roadside benches of the Caribbean's Canal Hay, alongside the swimming pools appended to the pink palaces of Palm Springs, or on the sands of Waikiki. If he stirs, it is only for periodic basting and to toast himself evenly on both sides. In short, his motto is *Go Now, Prob Later*.

A Flopper, when wound up, becomes a SUN HOPPER. The Hopper wants to tan, but he can't lie still. He toasts while trolling for tuna off Hawaii, while pursuing the bonafide in the flax off Bimini, while stalking rare birds in the Everglades. He'll walk a fairway backwards to keep his face in

by HORACE SUTTON

IN FLIGHT

the sun and, like all Kato-Body-Broilers, come Departure Day, he is the man who stands on the ramp until they shut the plane door, chin upturned to the beautiful heavens, getting his last looks before flying away home.

THE DAWN-TO-DUSK DOER

Sometimes mistaken for the Sun Hopper, this type is in the sea before breakfast, on the links before lunch, on the courts before tea and in the sack before 8. All he needs, really, is a pair of sneakers. He has liniment, will travel. But he hops your if sport and, if he happens to get sunburned elbows, *ga ra*. The Doer inhabits the Arizona ranches, arising before the sun for breakfast rides into the purple canyons. He pullshead paddle on the outriggers of Waukiki, and he is first off the tee of the Mid-Ocean Club in Bermuda. Tomorrow he may be back in the office, so he gathers his charity horse while he may.

THE DUSK-TO-DAWN OGGLER

The Ogler is the compleat spectator sportsman. He wonders why Dawn-to-Dusk Doers spend the whole day jumping all over the place when they could sit comfortably and watch someone else jump all over the place. He, for instance, has been up late watching the wheels in Havana, watching the floor show at Don the Beachcomber's, watching the tango dancers in Jamaica. Tomorrow he will consult the morning line—in the afternoon. He will have breakfast at Hialeah. The only thing that will get the Dusk-to-Dawn Ogler out of bed before the day is half shot is the prospect of a spectacular day of girl watching by the pool. He thinks the bullfights in Mexico are dandy. They don't start till 4.

THE FREE-PORT FREEBOOTER

Perhaps the easiest type to spot, the Free-Port Freebooter is a scavenger who inhabits the duty-free metropolises of the West Indies and is often found boarding a plane or ship carrying five bottles of duty-free rum and a huge woven basket bulging with bongo drums, mahogany salad bowls, an old coconut, a conch shell and a set of English bone china. Recently some types have been given to carrying rumba or calypso boxes, hollow wooden crates fitted with steel teeth which when twanged go "Bloom! Bloom!" Freebooters who bring home rumba boxes in addition to bargain booze and bulging baskets usually appear at the

continued

LOWER-LATITUDE LUSH



LIGHT-COMPLEXIONED METER READER



CRUMBLING RUIN BAMBLER



ODD BIRDS

continued

airport clatching their homeward ticket in their teeth.

There are, to be sure, several varieties of Free-Port Freebeetles, notably the WHITE ELEPHANT HUNTER, the BLOOD-IN-THE-FACE BARBAIN BUYER and the PLAIN-ON-THE-SINE MOPPER. The White Elephant Hunter is rather like a mountain climber. He brags what he brags because it is there; a pair of maracas engraved with the lyrics of *Mama Oca!* *Went Me Free and Rife and Corcoran O!*, a coconut sculptured to look like a hyperthyroid monkey, a candelabra made by native craftsmen of old condensed-milk cans. But the White Elephant Hunter is most easily recognized by his fickle taste, a foible which has long been recognized by steamship companies operating West Indies cruises. Most cruise directors designate the last night aboard ship as White Elephant Barter Night, an evening devoted to trading unwanted treasures only recently obtained for things a person should have bought three ports ago.

Much more dedicated to the Blood-in-the-Face Bargain Buyer. For this type the southern seas are a Shangri-La

ROTS-BODYS-BROILER



with merchandise, all of it marked down. Nassau is a place where the trees bear Royal Doulton and the landscape is paved with Harris tweed. St. Thomas is boarded by Danish silver, Swedish glass and French perfume. And if you're looking for a watch, Curacao is a Dutch Switzerland with a sensible temperature.

Although some touristologists may disagree, the Dropper is really a breed of Free-Port Freebeetle. The Dropper shows up on a New England beach in summer sporting a straw sun hat with a woven stovepipe two feet high growing out of the crown and a brim 24 inches across. When asked where he got the skimmer, the Place-in-the-Sun Dropper replies, "Oh, this? I got it when I was in Jamaica last winter." Place Drovers who also drop maras can merely extend the answer: "Oh, this? I got it when I was in Jamaica the time we had cocktails with Noel."

Those who find first-person place-dropping too forthright may use the subtler technique of dressing the children, when summer rolls around in the northlands, in bathing suits embossed with etchings of dancers, coconut palms and other strange designs purchased last winter in some tropical

hideaway and not indigenous to Fair Rockaway or the Wisconsin Delta. In this case questions are likely to be directed to the child who, when properly schooled, will reply, "Oh, this bathing suit? Mommy and Daddy brought it back last year from Nassau."

THE SUN-KISSED SMUTSEER

There are many delights for the unashamed rubbernecker in the vast land of rain and rumble. He doesn't have to bring anything but himself, and all he need possess is an unfettered appetite for the old, the historical and the curious. What a treasure for the OLDEST-WEATHER-TO-ING FANCIER to stumble onto St. Augustine, Florida, which houses an Old Curiosity Shop, the old Spanish gates, the nation's oldest masonry fort, the oldest house in the U.S., and is, when you get right down to it, the oldest city in the whole country. For the CRUMBLING RUIN RAMBLER, who could ask more than a three-day excursion to Yucatan, the Mexican state studded with the relics of Mayan civilization, as impressive as the monuments of ancient Egypt? Or Christopher's Canals, high above the Haitian plain, where the West Indian emperor marched his soldiers to death over the ramparts just to prove their iron discipline? For the PRO-TOMATO-WEATHER-MASSACULT BUFF, Florida is full of performing Seminoles who wrestle alligators, performing porpoises who struggle fish, not to mention performing parrots, monkeys and sea cows. And Nassau has a platoon of marching flamingos.

THE LIGHT-COMPLEXIONED METER READER

This breed migrates not for the sunrise, the sunburn or the bargains. He is easily recognizable because he travels shoulder-bent with cameras, camera bags and light meters. Meter Readers passing one another on the trail don't exchange pleasantries; they exchange meter readings. They see the countryside through the view-finder, and the only place they are liable to get sunburned is on the back of the neck. Back home, the Meter Reader lures unsuspecting guests with promises of drinks, dinner and brilliant company—then slams the door, douses the lights, and transforms the nearest wall into a projected image of Sunrise Beach—at sunset. Asked if it was warm and sunny down south, the Meter Reader answers, "It was perfect 100-at-4/6-on-panchromatic-with-a-K-2-filter weather."

THE LOWER-LATITUDE LUSH

No one sees him and him a better time. Offered anything less than a perfect dry Martini in Twenty One, he would be aghast. Transplanted to the tropics for two weeks of sun, he inhales the Bacardi of Puerto Rico, the Barbancourt of Haiti, the tequila of Mexico and, if it were still available, he would swig okolehao in Hawaii. A moderate drinker in his natural northern habitat, for the span of a fortnight in the friendly Palms he is the Lower-Latitude Lush becomes a regular Pannett Partout.

PORTFOLIO OF PLEASURES

A young girl running like a deer, joyously, along a sandy path that leads to a tropical sea . . . Hollywood at the highlights . . . a great fish leaping out of clear blue water into a clear blue sky; these things epitomize the southland's varied charms for the vacationer. No matter what type of relaxation you

may seek, there is something in the next eight pages for every taste and mood. Some will think only of the sea, some will seek the pleasures of the land. But all will seek the sun, wherever it may be, and lie in it content, knowing that the tan of today is the reward of tomorrow—back home in the northland.





MEXICO

Bullfight, of course—but at Tijuana they come with the additional attraction of the Hollywood crowd that makes them more and provides you with a passing game: who's who by the side?

Offshore, the big fish wait. This is a snafish, leaping high out of the blue Pacific, and in almost any day off southern Mexico a fisherman can hope to catch one—or even two or three.

The sea is warm, the sun is warm, and the seaside resorts—this one is Acapulco—have everything from comfortable washing of things under the sun to comfortable post-bathing on it.





On the clean, wide sweep of New Mexico's incomparable White Sands,

three vacationers stroll before a shadowed dune and the distant San Andres range





THE CARIBBEAN

On the other hand, if you enjoy more strenuous forms of sport you will find this spot of relaxing from the top play off of a hard-driving without a most unusual and exciting adventure.

4 *Chesland Avery has a political lead as Mrs. John Fringle makes her move in this three year of Round 191 in Jamaica. If there is your game, this is a very pleasant place to play it.*

This top spot in Cuba has everything—real live physics, lots of exciting sports and plenty of gambling money. Cuba is the top spot for the moon-to-down sportsman.







FLORIDA

This is where the weary sun-seeker comes to his life—or her—end. So, of course, does the golf watcher and (above), attracted by slow degrees (as one is in Florida), the golf watcher and, most of all, the golf player, who here finds his paradise.



FOOTLOOSE SPORTSMAN

by HORACE SUTTON

and a staff of eight

SI CORRESPONDENTS

- ▶ FLORIDA
- ▶ THE CARIBBEAN
- ▶ BERMUDA
- ▶ THE GULF COAST
- ▶ THE SOUTHWEST
- ▶ CALIFORNIA
- ▶ MEXICO
- ▶ HAWAII

Down in this gold-plated southeastern corner of Florida and beyond to the islands in the sea, there was a mad scramble as the year ended to get the scaffolding down in advance of the crumpling palafrems moving south for a bit of sun and a stopover in this year's topees. Hoppers and Flappers, Oglers and Deers, they converged from all parts of the U.S. and Canada to see what new Rame had been built in a year, what new Taj of the tropics had risen in the yeasty soil of the Gold Coast.

MIAMI BEACH

Certainly there could be no disappointment. In Miami Beach there was not merely the usual This Year's Hotel. This year there were two, the Carlton and the Deauville, rising practically side by side. Each called itself the newest and the largest in Florida, and while each raced to open ahead of the other, neither realized that the last to open would really be the newest. In Miami minutes can count.

The Carlton was offering an advertised 620 rooms in a 17-story pile topped by a bell-shaped carillon tower. The bells are played electronically, and the lobby resounds mottly, of course, with their tones. Decorative bells, albeit unringable, grow on vines around the lobby columns, a bell-shaped chandelier hangs in a stair well, and the guests may dine with Victorian elegance in the Silver Chimes Room. Rates: \$22 per top room, top of the season; \$14-\$20 in January, including breakfast and drink.

Down the block, the Deauville, resting on the site of the old MacFadden-

Deauville, stretches 14 stories high, advertises 600—count 'em—rooms. It is the only hotel for miles around that's equipped with an ice-skating rink. Blades and bikinis within sight of each other! It also sports a nightclub created by Leon Leonidoff who, commencing between New York's Radio City Music Hall and The Beach, will stage extravaganzas with showgirls rising out of the floor on elevators and emerging out of the walls on hydraulic jacks.

In case anybody ever gets outside, there is an advertised expanse of 570 feet of ocean front, but, like most new beach-front hotels, the Deauville will have no beach. With land so expensive Miami Beach has suddenly discovered that sand is a four-letter word. Current bulkheads have been built to the very edge of the lapping Atlantic, and groins have been extended to help a new beach pile up, perhaps in two or three years' time, by which date a hotel hereabouts might be an obsolete hulk by the shore.

This year, 32 blocks north of the Deauville, in the district known as Bal Harbour, there is a brave new establishment called the Beau Rivage, which describes itself as, and I quote, "the world's most unique motel—within a world of its own." There are 300 rooms in the motel, all air-conditioned, all equipped with 21-inch television sets. Here and there around the grounds there are a nine-hole putting green floodlit at night, a supper club, an Olympic pool, free parking, and baby-sitting by television. A camera will be trained on the crib and a TV nurse will monitor several youngsters at once. During the day the little deers can

knock themselves out in a playground called The Tots Spot. (The Deauville, which is very French, calls its pet La Bastille.) Rates at the Beau Rivage: \$15 a day, including, in January, a free 1968 rental car, all yours for just the mileage.

THE CARIBBEAN

Across the straits in Cuba, the new Havana Riviera, one of the most beautiful hotels in the world, could also claim to be one of the world's most expensive. In the top of the season, from January 15 to March 14, it is asking anywhere from \$27 to \$39 a day for a single room, a fee which includes circulating ice water, air-conditioning and a view of the sea across the Malecon. Looking down from a hotel balcony, its casino is a blue-green egg rising out of the ground. Inside, the egg has gold walls, gold carpet and over-seers who watch the play from mahogany pulpits with railings of brass.

Outside, the giant pool area is paved with stone blocks, flanked with twin decks of cabanas. The keystone-shaped pool, 180 by 55, is the largest in Cuba.

At the Capri, the other hotel that has opened in Havana this season, the pool and cabana club is on top of a 19-story shaft, with a magnificent if somewhat unsettling poolside view of the rooftops of Havana. Under the pool are some 300 rooms and suites, and off the lobby is a swells casino paved with red damask walls and hung with crystal chandeliers.

Looming on the Havana horizon but not yet ready is Hilton's new effort, a huge twin-tower edifice which has

continued

FOOTLOOSE SPORTSMAN

continued

been financed, of all things, by a local union. When it opens, probably in February, it will have a Sugar Bar tapside, a doorman with a turquoise-plumed pith helmet at sea level, and somewhere on the premises a South Sea Island Trader Vio's complete with pandanus roof and a Polynesian kitchen, all set to turn out Latin loaves.

Jamaica, which had hitherto specialized in long low hotels and cottage colonies, has added two new tall Miami Beach-style inns, one at Montego Bay and the other in the Ocho Rios area. Montego Bay's eight-story Casa Montego is a 160-room hotel built by a syndicate formed by John Fringale of Round Hill (SI, Feb. 18, 1967), and is the first part of a complex which will eventually embrace four units in and around the old Casa Blanca Hotel. Three-quarters of a mile from the Montego Bay airport (which has direct service from Miami and New York), a mile from town and a few hundred yards' walk from Doctor's Cave Beach, the Casa Montego is scheduled to open next week. It will charge from \$42 to \$46 a day for two people with all meals. A skinny slice of concrete just one room wide, the hotel rises between the sea and a jungle-covered hill. If you want a sea view, ask for a room above the fourth floor.

Already open in the Ocho Rios section is the Miami-styled, Morris Lapides-designed (Fortlauderdale, Eden Roc, Americana) Arawak, which offers the flashiest, most modern hotel yet put up in Jamaica, complete in its own resort park. Every one of the 172 rooms has a view either to the sea or to the shimmering, palm-decked mountains. Aside from the broad pool area, over 600 feet long, surrounded by setbacks and dotted with concrete umbrellas, there is an honest-to-goodness beach which, in the Caribbean at least, is still considered a resort necessity. For \$30 to \$38 a day per couple, the Arawak proffers a West Indian breakfast (name as breakfast in Canada concept it includes a bowl of fruit and is served on the terrace), buffet lunch, here d'oeuvres at cocktails and a formal dinner. The menu will always include such localisms as codfish and scow, guava and mango ice cream.

Opening in mid-January will be Jamaica's Royal Caribbean, a collection of pink Georgian buildings put up by Lawrence Paul, a Cincinnati builder. Clustered together around a beach-

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED SOUTH is a vast and varied area stretching from Hawaiian Islands (here, for convenience's sake,



front sits on Mahoe Bay, five miles from Montego, the Royal is offering 30 apartments, either with an efficiency unit or a complete kitchen. There will be bus service into town but guests can give their grocery orders to the front desk. A typical apartment has a bedroom, a screened porch, dressing room, cooking unit and bath at \$44 a day; you do the cooking. Of course, for those who don't want to mess with housekeeping, there will be a dining room on hand in the center court, along with a dance floor and a pool. A natural reef offshore makes a mill pond of the sea, which gently laps the white sand beach.

In San Juan the Caribe Hilton has opened a 100-room Garden Wing to its eminently successful hotel, now eight years old. Instead of the door which leads to a small balcony in each room of the main house, the abodes of the Garden Wing have sliding panes so you can peek back virtually one whole wall, the one facing the sea, to be exact, and the room seems suddenly to become some elegant tree house by the water's edge.

Sparked by the economic resurgence which the Caribe touched off, and the realization that Puerto Rico had much to offer the tourist (as well as the industrialist), the second large new hotel will open there this winter with the completion of the San Juan Intercontinental. Rather resembling the Caribe

removed close to the California coast) to Bermuda and the Lesser Antilles. Wandering across this vast domain, the Footloose

in its general structure, it contains a whopping 360 rooms, is rimmed by a beach, and is a scant five minutes from the airport. It is the second Caribbean venture of the season for Pan American World Airways, whose hotel-building program has lately taken on supersonic speed. The first, in Chicago, built inside an old fort, opened late last fall.

BERMUDA

Swimming perhaps, but not swimming, SI Correspondent Jeffrey Fry reports from Bermuda, that fish take 600 miles off the Eastern cape.

Cool-blooded Starnosters bask on the white and pink beaches that rim the island, and some may even take to the waters. But guided lung diving, guided by Bermudians, that is, does not start until May. Waterskiing through the sheltered, picturesque inland waterways is possible the year around, but it's better if you don't fall off. Gull on dry land might be a better winter sport, and there are four tournaments between January and March, including the Ladies Amateur Championships at the Mid-Ocean Club March 11. With 25 courses to choose from on this 22-square-mile coral archipelago, there is probably more fairway per square mile hereabouts than any other place in the world.

Since Easter is the top of the season here, there will be plenty of room at





Spent some here pinpointing the areas that offer the variety of recreation listed in the accompanying text, from just plain sun-

bathing for those who seek a healthy tan to mountain lion hunting for those who like their relaxation on the active side. To

complete the list, there are countless categories of cruises, a summation of which is appended below for those who love the sea.

MAP BY JOHN SHARPSON

the dozens of first-class hotels and more informal guest houses in January, February and early March. Daily rates at the larger establishments run from \$9.50 to \$25 a day; as little as \$7 a day at some guest houses, all including breakfast and dinner. While almost all hotel rates include meals, many on typen can journey by bike, by carriage or by small car to Desperado Manor, Tom Moore's Tavern, Waterlot Inn and the Empire Club for Bermuda fish chowder and the clawless lobster which swims in the local waters and is probably glad to get into a hot tub anyway.

THE GULF COAST

From the U.S. Gulf Coast John White reports on a long-ago Riviera with the same temptations as the Côte d'Azur — too good for winter vacationing, but ideal

for flowers, carnivals and outdoor sports. Flower-crafts flock to Mobile, Ala. in winter, streaming through Bellin-grath Gardens, 17 miles outside of town, and parking the downtown inn for the annual — you'll pardon me, I'm sure — Amalestama, February 2. Miss America is crowned Azalea Queen, which makes it legal, and for the next two months the garden club ladies arrange for tours of the local azalea nests.

Anybody in the vicinity for the azalea burning might cruise 30 miles southward over the new overseas highway to Dauphin Island. Guests registered at the Battle House and Admiral Semmes hotels, as well as the better motels (St. Francis, Shangri-La and Barba as suggestions), can obtain a card for the elegant Dauphin Club, possessed of one of the better kitchens in the environs.

A side excursion can take the roamer over the Florida state border into Pensacola and its gulf beach. There is good fishing from the pier, and charter boats take out after channel bass, weakfish and ling, with other forays exploring the snapper banks in the gulf. Anybody on dry land March 13 to 16 can take in the Pensacola Open.

Over at Biloxi, Miss., the permanent encampment lodged in that gulf town gets just as well-treated over carneltias as Mobile does over carneltias. While there is no carneltiarium, there is a Canella Festival and it is held

February 4-6. Four golf courses will keep the men busy, and while the deep-sea fish are out of season, so to speak, there are fresh-water streams inland as well as Wood Bay. The Gulf Hills Dado Ranch, a displaced layout, often not only riding but golfing and boating at about \$15 a day with meals, a rate that compares with the Edgewater Gull Hotel which has a longtime reputation as well as gull on the gulf. Starting rate at the motel is about \$7 for two, and the Sun 'N Sand, Trade Winds and the Buena Vista are among the handier ones.

Carnival balls at Biloxi, Mobile and especially New Orleans during the first weeks of February, erupting finally with Mardi Gras on February 18. For aglets the horses gallop five times a week at the homey old track at the Fair Grounds. A beneficent metropolis also stocks the City Park and Audubon Park lagoons with black bass. Salt-water anglers can try for speckled weakfish and sheepshead in Lake Pontchartrain, or take the 100-mile motor trip to Grand Isle where charter boats cruise out to the offshore oil rigs for surfers hauls of blue, pompano and silver trout.

Three ways to start a New Orleans evening are with Sazerac, a Harmon gin fizz or an absinthe frappe. There are numerous places to continue it — Antoine's, Galatoire's, Brennan's, to

continued

SHIPS TO SUNNY SEAS

There are many of them, from the Pacific's South Sea Isles to the storied Caribbean. Besides some 100 regularly scheduled routes, 50 shipping lines of a dozen nations send their most luxurious vessels southward from January through March, offering 50 special cruises of one to three weeks for a minimum of \$25 per day. Airlines, too, now offer special southern tours. Whether it be by sea or air, the would-be traveler can get a complete listing from any travel bureau.

SPORTING LOOK



FOOTLOOSE SPORTSMAN

continued

mention only a few. One way to end it is with coffee and French-style doughnuts at the French Market. In between times, Disneyland still walks out of Bourbon Street, where the strippers dance. Headliners play at the Roosevelt and Monteleone hotels. As for a place at last to sleep, the hotels are crowded in winter, but two motels, the de Ville and the Pan American, just outside the main business district, are as posh as Palm Beach. And dozens of other bright drive-ins line the east and west approaches to town.

THE SOUTHWEST

Up to here in September, head upturned to the southwestern sun, Arvid Duncan films as follows about the resort lands that are flowering like desert blossoms in the spring:

The three main centers in Arizona's southwestern sunland, reading north to south, are Wickenburg, Phoenix and Tucson, with ranches and ramadas spread all over the surrounding canyons. Of the three, Wickenburg is

Sporting

Some are for water, some only for show, but all fit the sun

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NINA LARSEN / LIFE

WHETHER in the company of a RaisinBody-Beeble or the most determined Down-to-Beach Door, the lady in the story no longer should travel south with only one bathing suit. Just as there are degrees of determination in facing or avoiding sun and sea, so there are matching degrees of swim- or sunability in so-called swimsuits. Some swimsuits should never get wet. Some are as sleek and swim-worthy as Florence Chadwick's. Others can be worn for projects varying from shell-gathering to skin-diving. For samples of the new suits that suit all roles, see the following pages of swimmers and sunners photographed at the beaches and pools in Sarasota, Fla.

AT-HOMESUIT for sunning only is dacron-and-cotton plaid (Claire McCordell, \$28).

SWIMMER'S LIFEGUARD of Hibernia is figure-hugging and fast-drying (Columbia, \$25). ▶

probably the homiest and the most doggedly western. It advertises itself as the Dude Ranch Capital of the World, and there is still a store in town where you can buy a stick of dynamite just as easily as a box of Rice Krispies, and prospectors can get gold weighed in the back. Its ranches organize moonlight rides into the mesquite, chuckwagon picnics where the Pinto beans are piled as high as a city boy's eye and the biscuits are earth-baked in a Dutch oven. There are rodeo fields and cattle raisin', but for all that there are heated and tiled swimming pools, and some establishments look as if they had felt the deft designing touch of a Hopsalong Saarinen. Aside from riding hard on the herd and, of course, dunking in the warmed-over water, there are both golf and tennis, all at anywhere from \$99 to \$125 per person a week depending upon the layout.

Fifty-five miles to the south, in the Valley of the Sun, lies Phoenix. Sixteen golf courses are green oases in the suburbs. It has large de luxe hotels like the Arizona Biltmore, and in the surrounding acres, resorts like the Cam Blanco, which looks like a Sultan's scaglio,

and the snuffy Camelback Inn, where the guests must be as Thoroughbred as the horses.

Out in Scottsdale, a planned western town outside Phoenix, there are wooden sidewalks and hitching posts where a man can tie up his Thunderbird. There are handsome little shops, pink and precious, and an upsheltered Wild West saloon called Lulu Belle's complete with all the plush appendages of the frontier days. While all kinds of new hotels and motels irrigated by the flow of green sprinkled by tourists have bloomed on a hitherto barren desert, probably the most awesome spectacle about is the \$686,646 Oasis Mobile Home Park in Scottsdale. For \$449 a year, a sun-ballooning trailer owner leases 3,400 square feet of territory on which he may build his own ramada—a sort of annex to the trailer. He may also grow his own grass, plant flowers, install a piano and hire a maid. Utilities are fed to him underground, and he finds himself a member of a permanent floating community which offers its members a heated swimming pool, putting greens, shuffleboard, library, dancing, showers, a laundromat

and the use of a photography dark room. When summer comes, those who don't like Arizona when it stinks can move eastward into New Mexico or westward to the sea.

Tucson might be called an overgrown Wickenburg, for it is speckled with dude ranches and with wealthy ranchers. While it is not as urban as Phoenix, it owns a university, not to mention three golf courses, horse and dog racing. But while Phoenix straws Thoroughbred strains, Tucson features quarterhorses. Creased with history, and not nearly so scarred, it has old Spanish missions, old Indian forts, and new Indians down from Cleveland to unlimber for future braccas on a north. Tombstone, a ghost from another day, is a short drive. It is an hour to the ski runs at Mount Lemmon, an hour and a half to the Sunday bullfights at Nogales. San Xavier del Bac, the oldest mission still in use, is just outside of town. But roping and riding exercises are staged Sundays at the big layouts all around Tucson, and there will be a world championship rodeo in February.

continued

Look: Scene-setters



FOOTLOOSE SPORTSMAN

continued

CALIFORNIA-SOUTHERN & BAJA

Let James Murray and Robert Nickols speak for their favorite state:

While a movie star or a movie mogul might enjoy a chance winter's promise around a swimming pool in Los Angeles, the Boto-Body-Bedders flock like Riffs on Homecoming Day to the desert fastnesses of Palm Springs. Here, encircled by three mountain ranges, nestled under snowcapped Mount San Jacinto (10,893 feet) is a gorgeous galaxy of hotels, small resorts, dancing stores (one sells only fur, several are owned by movie stars), nightclubs and drive-ins. Hotels range from the flimsy precincts of the Racquet Club, still operated by Charlie Farrell mainly for the amusement of the visiting movie colony, to such spartan reservations as Smoke Tree Ranch (51, March 18, 1947) where the carefully selected guests get ice delivered to their cottages each afternoon for private tubbing (there is no bar), later march into the kitchen to be served right out of the pots.

In between these landmarks which anchor two ends of Palm Springs taste lies a wide string of hotels, three-quarters of which charge about \$18 a night for two including Continental breakfast, and the ran of such house equipment as a shuffleboard court, tennis court, putting green and, inevitably, a pool and a place to sun. While small resorts might charge \$8 to \$12 a night, a detached bungalow in a superswank hotel (which also has plain doubles at \$20 per) can be leased for \$125 per.

The lands to the east and south of San Diego, in the lower left-hand corner of the nation, might be considered "off season"—but what with the weather, their multitudinous activities and off-season prices they might prove just the thing for a deep-frozen refugee from farther north. Within a single day's travel time out of San Diego one may join a breakfast ride in the Borego Desert, or golf on one of 14 fairways in a 15-mile radius, or sail or motorboat on San Diego Bay or Mission Bay any weekend, or water-ski or fish for yellowtail, marlin, abalone and on the inland lakes for bass and crappie. In Baja California, the long spindly Mexican peninsula that grows out of southern

California, there is open season January, February and March on quail, deer, mountain lion and turkey. Dogs, horses, bulls and jai alai players all perform over the border in California.

The two real finds are Borego and Baja California. A sort of Palm Springs of San Diego, Borego is a mountain-ringed desert 80 miles east of the coast. The valley floor, a 50,000-acre expanse once covered wall to wall with sand dunes and cactus, is now sprightly with homes, crops, the nine-hole De Anna Desert Country Club and nearly a score of motels. Probably the best bets are the Borego Palms and the Desert Lodge. The Lodge offers both motel units and individual cottages at \$17.50 to \$30 a day.

Ringed the valley is the Anza-Borego State Park, a 425,000-acre desert park which grows curious cacti, sprouts odd rocks and shelters the strange desert fauna that starred in Disney's *The Living Desert*. In March the desertland blooms with a carpet of creosilla, desert verbena and other blossoming cacti. Nature hikes, horseback trips and jeep excursions are all available for desert explorers. A jeep with driver rents for about \$2 an hour.

Sporting Look: Scene-setters

continued



SWEEP SWIMMER'S suit of cotton knit with bustle is navy, striped like blue jeans with double rows of white. Suit in good swimmer, quick-drier (Cavalina, \$20).

BEACH DAWDLER'S suit of hand-loomed wool and nylon is warm for occasionally cool days, comes in boldly colored designs (by Margaret Pennington, \$45).

SKIN-DIVER'S suit of Mylar Luster is wet-shiny even when it's dry, sun low on back, under-water should upstage even the most glamorous fish (Coti, \$35).

Baja, or Lower, California is an immense and wild territory, teeming with fish and game. But for those who want to invade the precincts nearest San Diego, January through March seems an ideal time. The border town of Tijuana, like Calexico, has homes, dogs, jai alai and balls, but Ensenada, 70 miles south, is a restful place much favored by those who like to fish and rest. The Bahía in Ensenada serves venison, quail and the local rock lobster. For travelers en route between the two, one of the newest and best hotels of the whole peninsula is La Sierra, a few miles south of Tijuana. The rate is \$5 a day flat.

Those who like the more remote areas of Baja California are described as "enterprising sportsmen." For them there is a choice of camping out or arranging at the Ensenada Tourist Bureau for accommodations at private ranches. Two of the best are the San Quentin (no relation) and the Hamilton Ranch, 35 miles south of Ensenada. They charge \$10 a day with meals.

One hundred miles south and east of Mexicali, on the Gulf of California side, the sleepy village of San Felipe has excellent fishing this time of the

year for sterna, bass, whitefish, some sail and marlin. Quail and rabbit abound in the mountains west of town and there are mountain lion and goat. Augie's Riviera will shelter you at \$5 to \$8 a day. As it is most of the year, the winter mood in Lower California is serene and relaxed. Whether you are a hunter, fisherman or unclassified tourist, the mood of La Paz, at the southern end of the peninsula, probably fits. There they say the first few days you just sit around and think. After that you just sit.

MEXICO

From Richard O'Neilan Jr. and Rafael Padgett Lutzow come reports of the avant-garde tourist movements as well as an edge-of-the-seaes appraisal of those tried-and-true touristiclands of the derrière-garde:

Acapulco is still the lodestone, but the crowd-geats is heading for other towns along the Mexican coast. Zihuatanejo, about 100 miles north of Acapulco, has an excellent beach and two small hotels. Much to the pleasure of those who have secured space in them, first-class facilities in the whole town are limited to 48 people. Farther up

the coast, San Blas and Mazatlan are stirring from a sleep that has outwinked Van Winkle.

Farther north still, Mazatlan has patched together the rents caused by the hurricanes and awaits the winter with pleasure. Guaymas, most northerly establishment on the Gulf of California, is already well known, harbors a luxury hotel called the Playa de Cortes, a quaint Victorian *steak*, a number of Hollywood celebrities and Mexico's best oysters.

As for Acapulco, the new hotels seem to rise sincerely like asparagus. This year there is the elegant Pierre Marques, built by Paul Getty on a magnificent strip of sand a few miles south of town. Another splendid *posada* named the Nos Nos has opened right in Acapulco, and the Hotel Elcano, named after a Basque captain of Magellan, has just opened the front door.

Acapulco's night life, too, has a new and foamy addition, the bay-side Cartamar of the Hotel Prado Americas. Along with an elegant décor, it offers dancing under a thatched roof, water-skiing and an approach via a funicular railroad.

continued



FOOTLOOSE SPORTSMAN

continued

Daily plane service still crisscrosses between Mexico City and the Yucatan capital of Mérida (SL, Feb. 4, 1957), for those who are interested in low-altitude ruin-rambling. For low-pressure tanning there is always San José Parua, three hours by car from Mexico City, which delights the weary with millions of flowers and a gorgeous view, soothes him with radium baths, wakes him again with a waterfall that can be turned on and off at will. Much the same is to be had at Fortín de las Flores, where any latent sybarite with the price of an airline ticket can spend the winter basking in a gardenia-covered pool contemplating the snow-capped glories of Orizaba Volcano. There are worse ways of frittering away the winter.

HAWAII

Barroving on the beach at Waikiki for future SL coverage of that delightful strand, Staff Writer Colin Flinnig wires a warning and a love note from the Hawaiian Islands:

Every resort is built around some-

thing. At Waikiki, of course, it is the beach. Waikiki's beach, reckoned by its length of about two miles, is modest in comparison to the strands of some of the superpas. Still, considering the varied tastes of tourists—the desires of heroes who want action riding waves, and the desires of the indolent who merely want to dunk and bask in a sheen of suntan oil—Waikiki is, according to its loyal devotees, the finest tourist beach in the world.

There is still in Waikiki's soul a feeling of compatibility and casualness, but there is also sneaking along Kalakaua Avenue a glitter of neon and other symptoms of high pressure. The airplane, the travel pamphlets proudly announce, is bringing Waikiki closer and closer to Los Angeles, Port Wayne and New York. In its attitude, Waikiki is also getting closer to Las Vegas, Miami Beach and Honky-Tonk. Under the heavy tourist pressure today, Waikiki seems over eager to provide the tourists with whatever it is they are accustomed to having at all the other fine places of the world. The menu of the hotel dining room somewhat reflects this attitude. There is an every side an offer to choose between New

York steaks, Long Island duck, Indian curry, Louisiana shrimp and New Zealand lobster tails—the tasteful plattitudes of a thousand bistros back on the mainland.

The visitor to Waikiki who would like to eat Hawaiian should take in the best of the houses, at Don the Beachcomber's and at the Queen's Surf, then move on to specialty restaurants. For sea food he can go to Fisherman's Wharf, which, in the style of all such wharves, is done up in fish nets, marine artifacts and mounted fish. There he can eat as if he had never left home, or pioneer a bit. The Wharf serves local fish very well: opahopaka, ahi and dolphin (which goes locally by the name of maki maki). The raw fish—sashimi, as the Japanese call it—is served with a good mustard-hot soy sauce, and the man who develops a taste for it at the Wharf can have it again by moving on to places like Ichi Gardens, the best appointed of the Japanese restaurants.

Where a visitor should stay in Hawaii is a matter of what he has in mind. The Moana, the Saratoga or the Royal Hawaiian face the surf, and hence are good for wave riding or watching. At

Sporting Look: Scene-setters

continued



SHIRAZ GORTER'S suit of ribcush-trimmed cotton pique has matching jacket, is fully lined for swimming (Lans: \$39 for suit, \$12 for jacket).

SCENE SETTING costume is made of embroidered spandex; suit is lined with blue cotton satin (Catalina, \$30).



Halekulani, the pressure for activity is lower. Once a week, without calling it a hana, Halekulani serves up the ingredients of a hana—poi, rice with salmon, pork or chicken *lou lous*, *Kahe* pig, squid and roast beefsteak.

The dominant topic, attraction and phenomenon as Waikiki enters its second boom decade is the Hawaiian Village, the product of the enterprise of Henry J. Kaiser. It already has 344 rooms open to guests, and the construction is still thundering skyward. Before Henry is through with his strip of the beach, according to present plans, there will be 1,600 more rooms for the visitors. There are already within the village three dinner spots and a variety of shops to compete with the variety of shops that line Kalakaua Avenue. The Village has four swimming pools in use, the island's best fleet of catamarans, as well as the equipment and the competent instructors for skin-diving, water-skiing and canoeing.

But if Henry is becoming the Kaiser of Waikiki, there is still plenty of lovely *Lelehu* on the other islands of Hawaii. Wild goats and wild boar still roam the mountain valleys, the forests and the lava fields of the Big Island.

There is a simmering volcano there and a ledge that hangs on the edge of it. The Coco Palms Lodge nestles in a grove of thousands of palms on the garden island of Kauai, and in the

Hanaui Valley visitors can sail into the Fern Grotto. Installed at the Maui Palms on Kahului Bay or in the magnificence of the Hana Maui on Maui, a Sun-Kissed Signpost can roll across the island to the world's largest dormant volcano, with a rim 21 miles in circumference and a highway to the top. Here amid the bubble caves and the slender cone hills, it is a long, long way from the telephone, the television, the ticker and the too-frezing temperature of that other world.

CHASING THE BAHAMAS

Turn to page 46 for Carleton Mitchell's story of a cruise through the Bahamas Islands aboard the racer *Frederick*.

BAMONA MITCHELL and her sister Jack. Rose Marie Reddick, EES, model \$14.



BAMONA MITCHELL and her sister Jack. Rose Marie Reddick, EES, model \$14.

BIG DAY FOR SPRINGERS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD MEEK

Nor rain nor cold nor reluctant birds could stop these spaniels from brisk completion of their top contest: the National Field Trial Championships

IN THE remarkable photograph at right veteran field-trial gun Ernest Burton (51, Nov. 14, 1944) illustrates the climactic moment of test for a spaniel; when the bird he has flushed is brought down for his retrieve. Mr. and Mrs. Philip D. Armour Jr.'s National Champion Micklewood Seed is the dog concerned here, and the occasion is the 11th National Championship Field Trial for English Springer Spaniels, held last month at the Oak Orchard Lake Refuge near Marion, Ill. Here the 39 top dogs among the nation's thousands of springers met in a driving rain that soaked dogs, handlers, birds, guns and gallery. Numbled by wet and cold, pea-soared pheasants (\$17,000 worth) often refused to flush or flattered dispiritedly a few feet above the ground, to the confusion of dogs, guns and handlers. But despite

these handicaps the seven series of tests (five on land, two on water) were run off briskly, and by Sunday noon Judges Harry Leeding of Portland, Ore. and Fred Schmitt of Lincoln, Neb. had chosen a new national champion: Field Trial Champion Staindrop Breckenhill Chip shiner, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Roy D. Chapin Jr., of Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich. and expertly handled by Elmore Chick of Lemont, Ill. Banners-up were English Field Trial Champion Ladlovian Secks, owned by Edward D. Porjes of Highland Park, Ill., in second place, and his littermate F. T. Ch. Ladlovian Swamp of Greenleaf, owned by Joseph C. Quirk of Greenwich, Conn., in third. For the best performance by an amateur-handled dog, a trophy went to John L. Harding of Berwyn, Ill. and his 7-year-old F. T. Ch. Davellie Shot.



FLUSHING THE PHOENIX FROM GULL

PHOTOGRAPH



WINNER AND NEW CHAMPION. F. T. Ch. Staindrop Breckenhill Chip proudly poses for her portrait with one of the \$17,000 worth of pheasants used during the trials.

WHIRLING SHARPLY. Shiner's Expedition flushes pheasant from the high grass.





HAVING FORGOTTEN HIS HAD, WITH OBEDIENCY FOR HANDED SELF REPLENISHES BIRDS IN HAND THE ORDER TO START RUNNING



JUMPING HIGH, Cavalier Doodle
go grabs at bird flushed from cover.

SWIMMING HARD, Chip performs one of water-retrieve tests that helped her win the championship.



UP IN THE AIR, Lutherian Scamp ac-
complishes a mid-flight turn to get his bird.

continued

HARD-WORKING DOGS AND HAPPY OWNERS

THE PURPOSE of a Spaniel Field Trial," says the national association, "is to demonstrate the performance of a perfectly trained Spaniel in the field." Another important purpose is to enable spaniel enthusiasts to renew old and doggy friendships as they follow the action across the fields. In fact, most of the hard work at spaniel trials is performed by the gallery as it trudges through briars, bracken and brush to follow handlers, guns and judges. Dogs hunt in braces in the early series, each spaniel quartering ahead, windshield-wiper fashion, to work a swath of bird cover. Bird boys precede the entourage, planting pheasants in clumps of grass where they stay until flushed. Spaniels are judged on scouting ability, perseverance, courage, steadiness to wing and shot, obedience, aptitude in marking and finding shot birds, responsiveness to the handler's signals and retrieving style. After the last test, all hands gather at the clubhouse where the judges' decisions are announced and where this year the chairman, having failed to get attention by rapping on a glass, finally shouted "Heel!"



MRS. ROY D. CHAPIN JR. watches as her bitch, *Chip*, performs in the manner that won the championship.



MRS. AND MRS. ROBERT McLEAN of Philadelphia and Frances Mallon, owner of St. Louis, here pleased as one of two McLean entries—retrieves stylishly.

AT THE HONORABLES CELEBRATION AFTER THE LAST



MISS WINNIEF HITCHCOCK of Long Island awaits call from judges to resume duties.



MRS. PHILIP ARNDT JR., with Arndt's Kennel entry she handled as an amateur.



MISS MARJORIE MULLAN chats with Joseph C. Quirk, whose Stamp won the third award.



MEN, WOMEN, BOYS AND GIRLS WAIT FLURRY THROUGH AFTER CONTESTERS AT MEAL SERVED BY LOCAL TRIBE





CARDS ON THE TABLE

by CHARLES GOREN

Comeback in Los Angeles

Mr. Goren here reflects on his recent visit to California, where he led his team to the National Open Team Championship for an unprecedented seventh time. This was indeed a bridge milestone for Goren, the top master point winner of all time, on the 20th anniversary of his first national title.

LAST MONTH, America's crack bridge players followed the advice of Horace Greeley and the example of Horace Stoneham. They went west.

In Los Angeles, at the first national bridge championships ever held on the Pacific Coast, the visitors from east of the Rockies received a warm welcome—warmer, in fact, than they had bargained for. Although the glory days of Bridgdom's Ivy League—New York, Philadelphia and Boston—are a thing of the distant past, halfway through this journey it appeared that the East might be shut out completely.

In other respects, the citizens of Los Angeles, even while they yanked the welcome mat from under the Dodgers, played host in magnificent style. Despite the 6,152 tables that set a new record for the week's play, it was not necessary to move the tournament into the Rose Bowl. Los Angeles' Hotel Ambassador took the bridge invasion

in stride—all except the bedeviled elevator operators.

The tournament player, when engaged in a bridge post-mortem, is totally oblivious of time and place. No human pilot of vertical transport could be expected to select the desired floor numbers out of a welter of such remarks as: "Down three." "We got a top." "Up two." "She said six, so of course I went to seven."

The tournament results demonstrated clearly that the standard of bridge competition across the nation has risen to a point where it is impossible for one group of players, or one area of the country, to dominate the bridge wars, although for a while it may have appeared as if the West Coast might do so.

In the early events, the best that non-Californians could do was share a win in the Women's Team of Four Championship. Mrs. Mary Jane Kauder and Mrs. Stella Rehner of Los Angeles captured that event, pairing with Mrs. Charles Solomon and Mrs. Edward Cohen of Philadelphia to prove that the team really can meet.

Meanwhile, the all-California combination of Lew Mathe, Meyer Schleifer and Ed Taylor of Los Angeles, with Don Oukie of San Francisco, walked away with the Men's Team of Four Championship. This result in no way be regarded as an upset, for Mathe and Oukie had already appeared impressively in international competition, having represented the United States in world championship contests against Great Britain and France.

Further evidence that this was no mere flash in the pan promptly followed, when Mathe and Taylor plowed through a truly formidable array of bridge talent to win the Open Pair title with plenty of room to spare.

Next, the California foursome, staging an ironman stunt by competing without a substitute in an event where a five-man entry is permitted, shot out of the starting gate to take what seemed a commanding lead at the halfway mark in the blue-ribbon Open Team Championship.

It looked as though the country at large would have to be content with only one non-California victory—the Master Mixed Pair Championship, taken by a Miami-New York combine. Mrs. Joseph Gale, of Miami Beach out of Chicago, teamed with Howard Schenken of New York for a highly popular win in this event. My teammate, Schenken, brilliant star of a long and distinguished tournament career which included three consecutive world championships, had, by some odd quirk, never before won the Mixed Pair title. Mrs. Gale, on the other hand, is a comparative newcomer to tournament play and had never before won any national championship.

In the final day's play of the Open Team event, however, the New York team, of which your reporter was a



OPEN TEAM WINNERS are (left to right) Howard Schenken, Charles Goren (captain), Mrs. Helen Sobel, William Root and Harold Opat. Their victory smiles are understandable, since their last-minute win earned them the highest honor in Bridgdom.



COHEN (WITH GLASSES) AND HELEN SOBEL WERE A PP FEATURE ON FINAL DAY. ONLY THE CAMERAS CAN SEE ANYTHING IN MIDDLE



WESTERN TEAM THAT ALMOST DOMINATED WHOLE TOURNAMENT: PETER SCHLEIER, LEWIS MATHEL, EDWARD TAYLOR, DON OAKE

member, came up from nowhere to overhaul and pass the Californians (81, Dec. 18, 1963). Thus it was that Helen Sobel, Harold Oguni, William Root, Schenken and I managed the second important Eastern triumph. After two backluster sessions in which the team barely managed to qualify, we finally shifted into high gear in the first of two final rounds, coming up with 21 out of 28 matches to large into a half-match lead. In the final session we widened the gap to two full matches, which, in this form of contest, represents a comfortable margin.

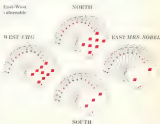
The telecast on the final day—a novel feature of bridge tournaments inaugurated during last year's world championship event—threatened for a short time to brew a tempest in a teapot.

Out of considerations of expediency, KTTV chose to focus its telecast of the final round of the Open Pair Championship upon the activities at a single table. The table selected happened to be the one at which my partner, Helen Sobel, could be found through the session.

Mild ruckings were heard in some sections of the arena. It was argued that the show would provide us with a distinct advantage in that we were old hands at being kibitzed, whereas some of our adversaries were apt to be nervous performing before the camera. The Calaverity James had not quite called the turn. What actually happened was

that our opponents rose to spectacular heights. They proceeded to pin back our ears with such an unmerciful drubbing that the announcer's pity ruined whatever glory there might have been in my only opportunity to make a spectacular play.

This was the hand:



A STAR IS BORN

continued from page 17

major victory and who never had played before more than a few hundred fans in his life, this could have been frightening.

It wasn't. He greeted the news with a bright look of eagerness in his eyes. It was like offering him a second helping of cake. I could almost see his mouth watering. He couldn't wait to get at the Australians. On such short notice we could not make drastic changes in Barry's game. We simply had to refine him as much as possible without destroying his basic strokes or his confidence.

Barry is big-legged and naturally cumbersome, so an effort was made to get him moving into his volleys more quickly. This was so he could volley offensively instead of taking the ball on the half volley for a defensive stroke. And we changed his service strokes slightly so he hit the ball more in front of him instead of behind his head. I had Professional Dimey Faile working with him daily. We examined a year's experience for Barry into a couple of weeks. This only goes to show what might be done with some of our talent if we were able to devote time and energy to it. But our system, unlike that of Australia, doesn't permit such concentration on amateur tennis.

After the Davis Cup challenge round, a group of enthusiasts wanted to get up a fund for MacKay, such as was raised a few years ago for Frank Sedgman. Their only reason was that they liked the boy. The fund might have reached a couple of thousand pounds or close to \$5,000. Naturally, I had to discourage it.

The name of Barry MacKay will not soon be forgotten in Australia. But it could have been otherwise. After our Davis Cup squad was named, the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association began reviewing the situation and decided for reasons of economy that it probably would be wise to send only four men instead of six on the Australian campaign. These four were to be Vic Seixas, Herbie Flam, Gardner Mulloy and Ros Holmberg. Mike Green and Barry MacKay were to be left home. I knew the two boys would be disappointed. I began making inquiries to see if they could not be included on the trip with outside financing. While I was checking this, the association decided to go ahead with the full six-man team.

That decision may mean an early return of the Davis Cup to our shores. I sincerely believe so. (C.S.B.)

TIP FROM THE TOP

from HAROLD CALLAWAY

Plantation CC, N.C.; Skyles Club, Skyles, Pa.



FOR THE AVERAGE GOLFER

The development of a golf swing, as everybody knows, is a highly complicated procedure. Obviously precision is its essence, and a part of the precision necessary to make contact with the ball is the reasonably straight left arm and the pivot that causes the downbeat of the swing to move from the inside out. Very rightly this inside-out feeling of the swing is of great importance. However, in my observation an exaggerated inside-out swing is a hindrance to the follow-through because it tends to lock the hips, preventing them from completing their turn.

A simple and easy way to combat this common tendency is to address an imaginary ball one foot above the ground. Swing your club in a circle, keeping in mind that the club head must make the same "circular" swing beyond the ball as it did coming into the ball. To achieve this circular motion, your left arm, you will discover, must bend at an imaginary point after impact, just as your right arm bends on the backswing. The high practice swing tends to give you the feeling of inside-inside instead of the more cumbersome impression of inside-out. Actually, however, your club head is going inside-out until impact but then it continues inside the line of flight once the ball is on its way.



Harold Callaway demonstrates inside-inside arc of swing

NEXT WEEK: JOE JACKSON ON BLENDING AT ADDRESS

BONNIE PRUDDEN

24

Thigh rotation tones
muscles and improves
the look of your legs

This week's exercise, thigh rotation, designed and demonstrated here by Bonnie Prudden, will help strengthen your legs and make them firmer and more attractive. The rotating motion also increases flexibility of the legs. In a later lesson, Bonnie will introduce a more difficult variation of this exercise, so it is important to master this one in preparation for the future.



Lie on your back, then raise upper body, supporting yourself on lower arms. Twist feet inward as far as you can and tilt your head back to stretch "double chin" neck muscles.



Maintain the same position and rotate your feet out as far as possible. Really push hard with your feet to get the most out of the exercise. Repeat the whole movement 10 times.

PITT'S TICKET

Continued from page 15

before Dapkus played Pitt, may be a shade overenthusiastic, what Moore said after the game is even more significant: "Hennen is as good a playmaker as Tompke's All-American, Guy Rodgers, whom I used to consider the best, and he's much more of a scoring threat than Rodgers."

It is this phenomenal young man's fate to be playing with a group of collegians who simply do not have the talent to help him in any way. In fact, with the single exception of a forward named Julius Pappas, they *blow* him. If he doesn't score when Pitt gets the ball, no one else will. If he doesn't handle the ball, someone else is almost sure to throw it away or lose it on a school-boy-type rule violation. When he sets up his teammates by drawing two or three defending players to him, the free Pitt men seem to be wearing Butler-Hennen's goggles and taped sunglasses. In each game Hennen must score against impossible odds—and he succeeds often enough to keep the game interesting. On a team of reasonably tall men, he is the shortest but rebounder. Worst of all is the fact that not a single Pitt player is either able or willing to set a simple screen for him. Shooting behind such elementary protection, Hennen would average 40 points a game, beyond argument.

FURMAN WAS TOO WEAK

Early this season, in a game against a weak Furman team, Hennen had 38 points in the first 33 minutes. The Pitt Fieldhouse record was 42 and he was a cinch to break it. With seven minutes to go, Hennen insisted on leaving the game. He told his coach, Bob Thompson, that he was certainly interested in setting a new record, but he wanted to do it against real opposition. And he refused to go back. Two weeks later, he was satisfied with the opposition—a strong Duke team. He scored 45 points on 20 field goals and five free throws. He will undoubtedly match his record of 573 points set as a sophomore last season.

Fortunately for Hennen, he has another abiding interest in life—in an area where he is on his own and does not have to function as a team player. He wants to be a doctor, one reason he accepted a scholarship at Pittsburgh, which has an excellent medical school. Toward that end, he made himself an A student in high school and thus far at Pitt he is a shade under A in his first two years.

(Continued)

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AT THE WIND'S

A junkies skipper abandons racing for a brief but lovely Bahamas cruise

PERHAPS the greatest distinction between cruising and racing yachters lies in a sense of pace. Your true cruiser sails by the calendar, not the clock. The moment is what counts: the fact that he is afloat, with a good little ship carrying him to another place. There is no need to be impatient, nor to fret—only to enjoy. But your racing sailor never escapes the worrying second hand. It is probably his most necessary competitive attribute. In any given set of conditions, he feels how his boat should be going. When she is not doing her best, he suffers. He must be efficient to be happy.

Happy I was, if not efficient, on this perfect Bahamas day as we slid across the bank off Royal Island. I was leaning against the minstermast, steering with my feet. Zib, my wife, was busying herself below. *Fishstern*, feeling the breeze, was beginning to walk and talk. There was a gentle plash from the bow wave, and tiny little slugs along the hull, and a low murmur under the stern. We were two days out of Nassau, sailing as the wind asked us to sail—toward Spanish Wells, toward Harbour Island, toward a pink sand beach which Zib had never seen. We were supposed to be heading to windward toward the Exumas, to watch the Out Island Regatta; but who wants to beat to windward when cruising? Racing is different; a race without a windward leg is no race at all, but cruising to windward is a pain in the neck.

As I thought these thoughts I looked at the Kroyon speed indicator. It stood at three knots. Add the light breeze, and we might go up to five. Balloonier heeled to the end of main boom, maybe 15°. Hood red-head spinneraker, probably six. Maybe trimmed just right, plus mincer stayail, maybe seven. Maybe. Close, anyway.

Suddenly I found myself grinning. I realized I didn't give one fractional infinitesimal damn.

As we neared Spanish Wells a dinghy came out. Two small boys sat in the bow, a man on the after thwart. I had an impression of glasses and flashing teeth under a large and floppy straw hat. "Need help?" asked the man.

A pilot, thought I, mortal enemy of the cruising yachtsman: bearer of lake witness from the North Channel to the Boca del Serpe, "Plenty water, cap, plenty water!" being the prelude to the shame of a hit, with the same air of calm assurance and confidence after as before. "No," I replied with reasonable politeness.

The man began to wind a starter cord around the flywheel of an ancient outboard. "Just a minute," I called. "Can you tell me where to find Aziel Pinder?"

He straightened up. "I'm Aziel," he said, looking at me more closely. "Bless the Lord, ain't that . . .?"

So forthwith Aziel—which means "Whom the Lord Strengthens"—was signed to "carry" *Fishstern* to Spanish Wells and Harbour Island, that same afternoon. My general opinion of pilots does not include such men as Aziel Pinder, who really seems to know the depths of water around the north side of Eleuthera down to the thickness of a toredo's eyelash.

Legend has it Spanish Wells was a watering port for the earliest navigators. It required little imagination to visualize fat merchantman or sleek privateer swinging in the multihued water, a rowing boat filled with casks approaching the beach. For Spanish Wells is by and of the sea; her men live on the sea, and her women look out across it, waiting. But gone are the sails. As I stood on the foredeck of *Fishstern* paying out the anchor rode,



CALL

by CARLETON MITCHELL

I realized not one sleep or schooner was moored in the narrow harbor off the town. Even the dinghies no longer had masts. Progress: outboards, inboards, automobile conversions, diesel; smell of hot oil, soot in the bilge; staccato exhausts at dawn and sunset; talk of miles per gallon and water-pump packing. . . . But gone too the anxious hours of midnight squalls and currents sweeping toward reefs; days motionless under a shimmering sun; long sweeps and sculling cans, endless tacks, catch of fish turning belly up in the well. Progress, and the good life. Gas in every tank, grouper in every pot.

The anchor snubbed, jerking *Finisterra's* head like a curb bit. Gif, our 16-foot fiber glass runabout which we were towing behind, ranged alongside, invitingly. We accepted. Ashore, there was a new hotel and fuel pumps along the dock. Unchanged were the neat narrow streets, the neat small houses, the neat courtesans people, shy and quiet but friendly. Spanish Wells is as clean as a town on the Zulu Sea.

As we walked I remembered we were greeting a true four hundred. The inhabitants are direct descendants of Royalists from New York who chose to be exiled after our War of Independence—or Rebellion, as their ancestors called it. There has been much intermarriage and virtually no dilution of the pure Anglo-Saxon stock. Through the generations a definite type has emerged: very fair, with skin that never seems to tan even through a lifetime of exposure, blue eyes, blond hair, slim and corded bodies. The children are beautiful.

As we powered back to *Finisterra* I looked astern at the little town drowsing under the palms, looked at the

continued



THE WIND'S CALL

continued

boats-carved along the shore, at the blue sky and blue water, at the shingle roofs and dogs sleeping in the streets, nothing happening through the turn of the seasons except the quiet fall of scarlet hibiscus petals, and suddenly I could see and hear and smell New York: the New York of Times Square, or 34th and 5th, or Park Avenue and 80th—81st Street: brass and steel, piled masonry and aluminum facades, earth shaking from hurry on the surface, and below the surface and in the air above, cacophony of sound and dollars to buy milk jackets, tranquilizers and phenobarbital wholesale and/or retail—same planet, another world.

The breeze had gone northwest before Azel Pinder came aboard. Northwest, and very light. In the Bahamas, lying on the northern fringe of the trade winds, when the wind moves out of the east, it usually goes on around, clockwise. Sailors call the cycle a norther. It is predictable, but non-predictable: that is, you generally know when one is coming, but never how hard or long it will blow; whether it will come in as a hard squall ahead of a gale which will rage for days, or whether the first breeze will be followed by clearing skies and a shift to east and pleasant sailing; whether it will begin mildly as a gentle northwester and only begin to howl when it gets to northeast, or never blow at all.

Now, as we powered through the channel, I was aware of a vague distrust. The cirrus veil had vanished. The sky was very blue, except for scattered cumulus; huge clouds, which towered to the stratosphere. The sun was bright. Everything sparkled. It was a day of perfection, an ideal Bahamas day. But it wasn't right. Not with the wind northwest.

Ahead lay Gun Point, a low spit of sand topped by waving palms. I was curious. For many years I had heard of the reef passage from Spanish Wells to Harbour Island. Wide open to the whole Atlantic Ocean, a maze of coral heads and reefs, the beach under the turn of your bilge; a mistake, and you've had it. Many had.

A sand shell made out from Gun Point, but the current had scoured a navigable channel close to the beach. Beyond, the next point showed on the chart as Ridley's Head. "See him?" asked Azel. "There's the chin, there's the nose, there's the forehead." A profile was discernible in the rock. Between stretched a bank of white sand

covered by perhaps three fathoms. I told myself: clear water on a line between the two points.

Nor was it too bad to the next point, where an opening in the outer reef would permit a vessel to thread its way into the ocean. But somewhere beyond I gave up trying to locate the pilotage. There was a tangle of reefs, some marked by iron pipes which had been twisted by the pounding of gales, some unmarked; some you left to port, others to starboard, others you ignored. There was a rock ledge called the Devil's Backbone extending almost to the shore, where a sand bank built out to meet it; you held close to the reef or the ascend of the sea carried you among the palms; you swung out again at the proper moment, or you latched up on the sand banks; but if you held too close to the reef, you would find sea fans waving in your bilge.

A jungle of coral

Because of Azel I was able to enjoy the passage. There is something barbaric and magnificent about venturing through a jungle of coral: here a black spot indicating a single head thrusting up through several fathoms, perhaps wider at top than bottom, as deadly as an erect cobra; there a purple-brown arched, a jagged range of living rock not quite reaching the surface, ready to tear and rend at the first touch of a keel; shades of blue, hues of green, colors paling to crystal; curl of white in a lifting swell, ripples around a point, slow rise and heave in a motionless sea. Always the overtone of possible disaster, always the might of the ocean,



CARLETON MITCHELL, shown here at the wheel of *Firstborn*, is a perennial winner in yacht racing's Southern Circuit, a Bermuda Race champion. (52, July 2, 1955). has written many books, including *Islands to Windward* and *Yachtman's Canvas*.

waiting. And always implicit, the courage and dignity of men, even the simplest men, who had risked and probed through the generations, learning.

No sooner had we threaded the reef and rounded The Point of Eleuthera than I wished *Firstborn* back in Spanish Wells. Ma, I'm a snug harborsailor. A five-mile sweep of water opened northwest of Danvers Town, and jagged limestone rimmed what would be a lee shore.

We slowed for Azel to bring his dinghy alongside for the trip home and agreed he would return the following afternoon. Morning was impossible, because of Sunday school. We proceeded toward town, but I wasn't liking it one bit. Nor was I soothed when we came to anchor beyond the dock. All outdoors seemed to extend to the west and north.

Ashore, I temporarily forgot my worries. Danvers Town was not in the least like Spanish Wells, but in its way was a settlement of similar charm. Hidden among palms were the houses of winter visitors, so Harbour Island has its colony seeking the sun. It had not been spoiled by overbuilding, or bad building. There was the feeling of the not-so-many-years-ago Nassau I remember, the Nassau of the '30s, before the postwar influx of English light capital and American tourists in swarming packaged droves.

We bought supplies and walked across the island. Below us was the beach. "Why, it is pink," exclaimed Zib in surprise. The reality of local phenomena rarely matches the promises of the poster.

The sand was like talcum powder: I scooped up a handful, and let it trickle through my fingers. Mixed with the white grains were tiny flecks of red, bits of shell and coral ground in the tireless mill of the sea. The effect was a delicate but definite pink, a lovely soft color which became more pronounced at a distance. We sat to look and became aware of a most amazing sight. The wavelets were pink, too. Each tiny transparent crest took on the color of the sand beneath. By contrast, the blues and greens of the water offshore became more vivid. We stared in a mood of childlike wonder and contemplation which did not end until the sun dropped below the dune behind us.

But as we crossed the high spine of the island and looked down on *Firstborn*, any lingering appreciation of beauty was lost in apprehension. A heavy, milky veil had been drawn over the sky. Pale cirrus feathers radiated from a dark mass in the northwest. The

THE WIND'S CALL

continued

a cove, a small cove of beach protected by curving bars of rock, leaving only a narrow shallow entrance. Picking our way inside we found clear water, waving palms—and pink sand. It seemed the most ideal swimming hole in all the West Indies.

When we started back for lunch the day had again changed. The wind had clocked into the north, and a peculiar smoky haze lay beneath the sun. Whitecaps rolled through the entrance to the cove. They grew larger as we neared Gun Point. This time I was sure. "Shh," I called over the noise of

light flaring through a gray sky. It had gone almost southeast, not much stronger than during the night but solid enough to lean slightly against, standing forward. When at 5:30 the McWilliamses dropped out of the sky they received scant welcome. Within minutes we had cleared the dredged channel and hoisted main, mizzen and our reliable friend, the working jib. There are times when it pays to get a move on, even cruising.

Finistère heeled although the wind was well aft. Immediately I felt better. Our arrival in Nassau had now become a race: our speed through the water against the falling barometer, the howling wind, the advancing cold front.

reaching. Finistère drove through without lifting to the successive crests, knifing and smashing in one continuous flow. Fanning sheets of spray rhythmically rose from the bow and blew off to leeward like horizontal rain.

As we closed the line of cays near Upper Samphire the wind abruptly shifted three points. Thankful for our windward position, we rolled with it, more nearly paralleling the shore. Fastidious shapes began to come into sight ahead: Booby Rocks, Booby Island, the eastern tip of Rose Island. We were nearing home waters, and I was grateful. For the sky was darker than ever, and the wind increasing. In the puffs we were forced to spill wind from the main by luffing, and even in the lulls were slightly overpowered. But the race was still not won. We were at the crucial point of no return.

Sandy Cay was in sight and we were under the beach of Rose Island when I saw it coming. White froth overlay the whitecaps to windward, blasting spirals from the crests. Under the jet of the squall, the sea had a frothy look.

Bill McWilliams had been steering while I stood at the weather rail, watching sea and sky. I leaved at 20% to take the wheel and scrambled forward to the main balyard.

I was not quick enough. A solid weight of wind pushed us down, down. I lost my footing while reaching for the winch handle and washed along the deck, up to my waist in rushing water. "Shook the main!" I yelled to Bill. "Shh! Bring her up! Luff!"

Overhead canvas slatted as the deck lifted and water flowed off. I struggled back to the mast and brought the mainsail down on the run.

Now the whole western sky was black. With the squall the wind went into the south, and the casuarinas and palms withed along the shoreline. Even under reduced sail Finistère buried deeply. Atern Gips seemed to leap from crest to crest.

We came into the harbor flying, picked up our mooring on the run, straggled her down and went ashore. The wind howled on a rising note, the whitecaps flew outside. I felt only exhilaration. This time it was not for us to worry; this time it would howl for someone else.

By midnight the wind was southwest. Before dawn it shifted northwest in a squall that shook the house. By morning even the sheltered waters of Nassau harbor were covered with whitecaps. Finistère and the other boats plunged at their moorings. It was the hardest blow of the winter. (CWB)



WITH AIR AT 100 MPH AND "GUST" SQUALLS, "FINISTERRE" MAKES THE SPANISH BARRI

the engine. "we're still going to get it. That sky is a weather breeder. It's going to blow like hell."

"When?"

I shrugged. "Damned if I know. Maybe tonight. Maybe tomorrow. But soon."

After lunch I put out a second machine, listened to a recording of Bach's entire *Art of the Fugue*, and called Nassau on the radio-telephone, arranging for Bill and Nancy McWilliams, house guests arriving in Nassau from Annapolis, to fly to join us in the morning. We might, I thought, have an exciting sail back to Nassau with them.

All afternoon and evening the wind moved round the compass: north-northeast, northeast, east-northeast, east. As it howled it freshened.

At dawn, a diluted pale dawn of gray

But as we neared the cut between Little Egg and Great Egg islands I was less certain we would win. The wind continued to work on around, little by little, as the sky became darker and more threatening. Beyond soundings, the deep water wore a black sullen look, as different from the normal blue as the leaden sky.

As though sensing the challenge, Finistère put her sloop-like down and went to work. This was what she was built for, my dream ship: to carry sail and go anywhere, fast and in comfort. My apprehensions about weather were only those of human frailty, not so much based on fear of actual danger as on a reluctance to undergo discomfort. It was impossible not to revel in the feeling of power under us. A short steep sea was coming off the bank. Close

"No man ever stands so
Straight as when he
Stoops to help a boy"



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THE READERS TAKE OVER

ANNIVERSARY

Sinc:

We, the members of the Hungarian National Olympic Team, who came to the United States after choosing freedom at the close of the 1956 Olympic Games at Melbourne (SI, Dec. 3, 1956) and now enjoy the hospitality of the people of the United States, send you our sincere regards and grateful thanks on the first anniversary of the organization of our team.

As a result of previous Olympic Games, members of our team have won 12 gold medals and three silver medals for the Hungarian colors. We wish to serve the ideals of amateur sports and the cause of Hungarian sportsmanship with our future successes and results.

We thank you for your assistance in enabling us to come to this great country where we found personal freedom, good jobs and sports possibilities.

GERGELY TILLOSI	KATO SZOKS
ANDREA MOLNAR	GEORGE PILLER
ATTILA KISSMARTON	BALINT PAPP
OSCAR GROS	JANOS GABRIELY
ZELENY HOSZTODAS	STEPHAN HERNER
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ROBERT HARMATI	STEFAN GROSCH
JOS GOSLACH	DANIEL MALAY
ATTILA TARASH	HYPERINA SIKENDY

for The Hungarian National Olympic Team
San Francisco

SPECIAL BASKETBALL ISSUE:

Sinc:

Just as your special issue on baseball (SI, April 18) and football (SI, Sept. 23) were worthy of superlative appraisal, so was your special issue on College Basketball (SI, Dec. 9). I drew well-deserved admiration. Never before has a magazine ever presented such a thorough synopsis of the major college issue in such an interesting, informative manner.

FRANK DESZTEFANY

Jamaica, N.Y.

SPECIAL BASKETBALL ISSUE:
HOW COME?

Sinc:

I feel that you should have included a section on small college basketball similar to the one you had on independent teams.

In this area we have what many think is one of the best college teams in the nation—Pacific Lutheran College. Last year PLC compiled a 28-1 win-loss record against college competition. Their only defeat (by 1 point) was in the semifinals of the national NAIA tournament in Kansas City to the team that really won the championship the next night. PLC finished third.

This year, Pacific Lutheran beat the Buckles Bakers, a strong AAU team, by 11 points. The next night the Buckles beat Seattle University by 8 points.

I suppose there are a few other small colleges that could qualify in this category.

LARRY ELLMANSON

Tacoma, Wash.

Sinc:

In your excellent and comprehensive basketball issue you state:

"Regardless of which school wins the NCAA's university division championship at season's end, however, the NCAA college division winner—considered too small to compete in the top class—will feel that it could whip the big boy if it had the chance."

Just who were last year's (and the first) NCAA college division champs?

As if I didn't know!

GEORGE A. COLE JR.
Wharton College '61

New York City

■ All of the 178 teams scouted by **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** fall into the NCAA's university division. Wheaton, the 1957 college division champion, showed a 28-1 record last year and this season has defeated DePue, Illinois Wesleyan, Milwaukee, Michigan, Calvin and lost to Gustavus Adolphus.—ED.

Sinc:

We were very disappointed that you failed to mention Evansville College.

JAMES HENNING
Evansville Evans

Evansville, Ind.

■ Coach McCutchan's players gained an 18-8 record; this year, have defeated Louisville, Western Kentucky, Valparaiso and lost to St. Mary's.—ED.

Sinc:

How come Colby, Bates and Bowdoin don't rate?

CULTIS L. BUTLER

Lynn, Mass.

■ Colby, under Coach Lee Williams, has so far defeated Bowdoin, Maine and Brown but lost to Dartmouth, Bates and Boston College.—ED.

Sinc:

What's the matter? Don't you like Fresno State?

JOHN HARLAN JR.

Fresno, Calif.

■ The team's 1957 record stands at 16 won and 10 lost. This year, Coach William Vandenberg's men have defeated Santa Barbara and lost to the San Diego Marines.—ED.

Sinc:

I was hoping to find Youngstown U. of Youngstown, Ohio. Our boys could and will beat the sons off some of the teams you listed.

HUBERTS GIBBS

Poland, Ohio

■ Youngstown, coached by Don Rossell, showed a 23-4 record last year; this season won over Kent State, Eastern Michigan, Alliance, Marietta but lost to Muskingum.—ED.

Sinc:

Good! What's this business of Adams State but no Adlene Christian in your basketball issue?

KEO WESTERHOLM

Adams, Texas.

■ Coach Dee Nutt lost 12 and won 12 last year; so far his men have defeated Baylor and lost to Texas Tech and Southwest Texas.—ED.

Sinc:

How could you omit 176 colleges and leave out Hamline, one of the top basketball schools in the country?

BILL WILSON

Fargo, N.Dak.

■ Hamline's players, coached by Joe Hurton, won 22 games in 1957, lost only four. This season's opponents have been Eau Claire, Texas Tech, New Mexico, SMU and New Mexico A&M, all of whom defeated Hamline. So far the team has beaten only Augsburg.—ED.

Sinc:

I find no mention of the team that finished first in the New England NCAA tournament—St. Michael's College.

JOSEPH ROYAN

Winnsboro Park, Va.

■ St. Michael's, coached by George Jacobs, defeated 17 teams, lost to six. This year they have won over Adelphi and Fairmount State and lost to Norwich and Providence.—ED.

BASKETBALL: WE ARE THE PAYING CROWD

Sinc:

In the Special Basketball Issue two good readers discussed the question: Do colleges need the 24-second rule? I'll go along with Columbia Coach Len Rossini, who came out against such a rule.

In the first place, the rule isn't necessary. The college game may not be as fast as pro style, but it is just as exciting. The 24-second rule would do nothing for the game, and it might, as suggested by Coach Rossini, detract from its quality. Players would feel rushed, and they would be in a hurry to shoot. Even the pro rules some fantastic shots just to beat the 24-second timer.

STEVE JOHNSON

Closter, N.J.

Sinc:

No, no, no, Coach Rossini (SI, Dec. 9). You are dead wrong, and you halfheartedly admit it!

We are the paying crowd, and we like to see action, fast play and a good game. All three are denied us in basketball these days, when teams put on a "freeze" just because they are ahead in the last half. They may as well stop the game; how boring it becomes! I'll never forget the SMU-San Francisco game a few years ago, when SMU froze and stalled and almost

stopped playing altogether the entire second half, only because they had temporarily lost.

Coach Roesel foresees poor shots and poor basketball if the 24-second rule were imposed. Look at the two leagues, running up scores of 130 and 130, while providing an active and exciting game—in that poor shooting? Let's bring the 24-second rule to basketball.

ROBERT C. BURLINGAME

Waterville, Me.

BASKETBALL: WHAT'S THE SCORER?

SIN: BOB O SPORTS ILLUSTRATED for Jeremiah Tax's article on Adolph Rupp ("Big Work for the Man in Brown," Dec. 18). Tax indicates success with preliminaries. Tax is guilty of the misconception that discipline detracts from good sport. Five from 12 shots seven months a year for fun.

America wasn't built by funsters; it takes much mindboggling and discipline to be world champions. How about outstaging success, not befitting it?

FRED E. GUTH

St. Louis

SIN:

Did it ever occur to Mr. Jeremiah Tax that Coach Rupp may believe the only fun that arises in sports is winning? Let's put it this way: Kentucky basketball players enjoy themselves more than any other basketball players in the nation because they win 85% of the time.

In this era of character building, sportsmanship, etc., let us not forget the primary object of every game is to win. Why else do they keep score?

It is very doubtful that 12,000 fans would crowd the U. of Kentucky given every game to see if Coach Rupp's boys were enjoying themselves. I know I would not.

FRANCIS VITTOREK

Lexington, Ky.

■ Jeremiah Tax believes that games should be played to win. So does Adolph Rupp. There is no other way to play. But there are other reasons—the inherent values and pleasures of the game—why one should play, win or lose. There is more to basketball than its record book and the paid-up entertainment of 12,000 spectators. If there were not, sport—*all sport*—would be just another form of Russian roulette, i.e., if you lose, you're dead.—ED.

WILLY'S REVELATION

SIN:

Congratulations on your fine series, *Revelation in Skiing* by Willy Schaeffler (81, Nov. 15, Dec. 18, Dec. 25). The Austrian teaching technique is definitely the greatest step forward skiing has seen since Emile Allais. There are many instructors as well as skiers who have never seen this technique demonstrated and consequently know nothing about it. I'm fairly certain that I was the first around the Seattle area to demonstrate this method of teaching to the Pacific Northwest Ski Association's Instructors Certification Committee. They were totally unimpressed and rejected my application for certification summarily by stating such an "approach to skiing and

teaching was not sound or related." They are pointing against the tide.

DAVE GOODMAN

Seattle

SIN:

The Willy Schaeffler articles have taken Vancouver by storm. Every good skier is practicing reverse shoulder as a start. . . .

MILTON MURRAY

Vancouver, B.C.

SIN:

Our cruising journal We've done every exercise in the book since SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's first issue on *Revelation in Skiing* arrived in the mailbox. Finally came the day—we picked up our boards and traveled to Annapolis Basin for the real test!

We assumed the common position, struggled to keep our shoulders straight, and, by gosh—we'd both been trained by the Arlberg method, we actually made a few of those shortening turns.

Both recreational and competitive skiers should congratulate Willy Schaeffler for his outstanding contribution to skiing.

PAT NORTON

Juneau

Denver

SIN:

Thank you for the excellent series on the new methods of skiing you have started. This is by far the best story yet written on shortening and no-carrot Willy Schaeffler could have presented it in a simple, understandable form.

EVERETT H. HARRIS

Town, N. Mex.

SIN:

Willy Schaeffler, Brown and Riggs have made an invaluable contribution to the sport of skiing by presenting the first analysis of the new method to the general public. I had heard about carots and shortening for some time without ever getting the same explanation from two skiers. Like most skiers, I am interested in the developmental history of the sport. Can you tell me how the shortening method was developed, where and when?

JAMES ANDERSEN

Haltershoe

■ The shortening (*Karscherung*) is historically a radical but organic projection of the Arlberg system with which Hannes Schneider launched the modern era of skiing in 1932. The basic Arlberg technique emphasized a crouching position and wide sweeping stem turns—executed by stemming the downhill ski and winding back with the shoulders, then committing the uphill ski and rotating strongly into the direction of the turn, simultaneously bending and straightening legs and torso. The Arlberg technique remained unchanged until the development of steel edges in the early '30s allowed skiers to stand straighter because they could get a better hold on the snow. Tapatch competitive skiers like Friedl Pfeiler developed a strong, countercircular wind-up followed by forefoot rotation and shoulder follow-through with which they launched

themselves more directly into graceful, swinging turns. In the 1934 Olympic Winter Games, Sid Frazer Toni Selos ran the slalom course as lawbreaker without stemming, his skis parallel, winding and swinging through the gates. His time was an incredible 10 seconds faster than that of the winning and stem-turning amateur. A highly interested spectator at this pioneering run was 21-year-old Willy Schaeffler, who, with his fellow draftsmen of the Mountain Troops, was detailed to pack the snow for the course. In the years to follow, Austrian racers like Toni Selos, Popp Jenewein and Willie Walch, to name but a few, developed personal modifications in the parallel technique by using heel thrusts to speed their turns. Meanwhile Emile Allais, a French racer who had skied with Toni Selos, developed his own technique of parallel skiing into the French system, which eliminated the stem turn altogether in favor of side-slipping into the turn. Using this system of Lemmenau wind-up, down-weighting and rotation, French skiers dominated international competitions during the post-war years until challenged by Austrian racers such as Eddi Mall, Franz Gabel and Hans Nogler, who were already modifying their rotation in favor of heel thrust.

Late in 1949, two brilliant young Austrians, Christian Prayda and Toni Spies (then a junior competitor), began to whip themselves through slalom gates using exclusively a snow-brushing heel thrust with reverse shoulder and no rotation. Virtually the entire turning action was executed below the hips. These and other elements of racing technique were carefully studied firsthand and through motion pictures by a group headed by Professor Stefan Krackenhauer, who then synthesized the elements into a full-fledged "school" of shortening. Professor Krackenhauer rules as Technical Chief over the entire ski teachers' training program in Austria. To be licensed as a teacher every Austrian candidate must pass an examination at Professor Krackenhauer's training center at St. Christoph, a few miles from Hannes Schneider's St. Anton. Thus, today shortening is the "official" Austrian Alpine system.

It is the first time in skiing history that top instructors studied the great racers and painstakingly assembled the most useful elements of all the systems into the simplest and most effective technique yet devised for recreational skiers. From Hannes Schneider cannot be overplayed and the stem. Emphasis on side-slipping, parallel skiing and edge control was taken from the French system. The great Austrian racers, beginning with Toni Selos and ending with Toni Salfer, have contributed the erect downhill posture, heel-thrusting turns with body bent to the comma as well as a new grace and precision.—ED.

PAT ON THE BACK



HELEN LENGFELD

Mrs. Louis Lengfeld, in the opinion of her friends, has not slowed down since she was one of San Francisco's top golfers. Mother of three and grandmother of four, her lifetime of devotion to golf has led her into activities that culminated recently with membership on the President's Council for Youth Fitness. In 1941, when she was president of the California Women's Golf Association, she mobilized golfers for recreational work with servicemen. Out of this grew the Swing Clubs which she directs. A golfing program which began in veterans' hospitals, it has now blossomed into a scheme which includes youth

groups, with an eye on golf's contribution to physical fitness and the building of future champions. Under the aegis of the United Voluntary Service, which Helen Lengfeld also heads, top golfers volunteer their time to coach the kids. In a recent eight-month period Mrs. Lengfeld traveled 27,000 miles by car and 12,000 by train to encourage her projects. There are Swing Clubs in 63 veterans' hospitals, some overseas and even on "Texas Towers." In her spare time Helen Lengfeld, who lives near San Francisco, runs the Jr. Girls State Championships at Pebble Beach, edits a golf magazine and stages the women's golf tournaments on the Monterey Peninsula. But she doesn't find time to play golf any more.

WINTER EVENTS

... planned for Canada, the
U.S. and Europe through April

JANUARY

- 4 Louise Devle Trophy Race, giant slalom, men, open, Bromley, Manchester, Vi.
- 10-12 NATIONAL CLASSIC COMBINED AND 15-km. CROSS-COUNTRY CHAMPIONSHIPS, Ishpeming, Mich.
- 16 Teachers Cup, Mont Tremblant, Que.
- 20-22 Teqsy Race, giant slalom, Storn, Vi.
- 25-Feb. 1 Dartmouth Carnival, Hanover, N.H.
- 21-Feb. 2 12th Annual International Intercollegiate Ski Meet, Banff, Alta.

FEBRUARY

- 1 Canadian Intercollegiate Athletic Union Ski Championships (Laval Div.), Lac Beauport, Que.
- 1-10 FIS WORLD ALPINE CHAMPIONSHIPS, Badgastein, Austria.
- 2 15th Annual Glassen Trophy Race, men-women open, North Conway, N.H.
- 3 Ryan Cup, giant slalom, Mont Tremblant, Que.
- 4 NORTH AMERICAN CROSS-COUNTRY CHAMPIONSHIPS, Sudbury, Ont.
- 9 NORTH AMERICAN JUMPING CHAMPIONSHIPS, Saugus, Minn.
- 10-11 Williams Winter Carnival, Mt. Greylock, Adams, Mass.
- 10-12 Sawtooth Mt. Ski Club CUSA Junior Alpine Championship, Grand Marais, Minn.
- 13 Kaa Chair Ski Club CUSA Jumping Championship, Eau Claire, Wis.
- 14-15 Middlebury Carnival, Snow Bowl, Middlebury, Vt.
- 16-18 NATIONAL JUMPING CHAMPIONSHIPS, Keweenaw Ski Club, Iron Mountain, Mich.
- 19-20 Minneapolis Ski Club CUSA Cross-Country and Nordic Combined Championships, Minneapolis.
- 20 Road Head Memorial Giant Slalom, Pico Peak, Vi.
- 21 USASA Men and Women Giant Slalom Championship, Solitude, Vt.
- 22-24 Canadian Ski Championships, Kimberley, B.C., Can.

continued



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WINTER EVENTS

continued

- 24-25 USEASA Junior Jumping & Cross-Country and Nordic Combined Championships, Cannon Mt., Franconia, N.H.
- 25-26 Norwich Winter Carnival, Northfield, Vt.
- 25-26 St. Lawrence Univ. Winter Carnival, Canton, N.Y.
- 28 Fourth Annual Masters Ski Jumping Invitational and Annual Washington Birthday Jump, Iron, Sno Birds, Lake Placid, N.Y.
- 28-March 2 USEASA Junior Downhill, Slalom and Alpine Combined and Giant Slalom, Mt. Mansfield, Stowe, Vt.
- 28-March 2 NCAA 4-Way Championships, Dartmouth College, Hanover, N.H.

MARCH

- 1-2 INTERNATIONAL CLASSIC COMBINED, Nassau Ski Club, Berlin, N.H.
- 1-2 Quebec Kandahar (Redbirds Club), Mont Tremblant, Que.
- 1-2 Wausau Ski Club CUSA Downhill-Slalom-Alpine Combined Championships, Mt. Mansfield, Vt.
- 1-2 FIS WORLD NOBIS CHAMPIONSHIPS, Lahti, Finland.
- 2-6 BOCH CUP, Aspen, Colo.
- 2-NATIONAL 20-km. CROSS-COUNTRY CHAMPIONSHIPS, Pineland Ski Club, Andover, Maine.
- 14-16 NATIONAL ALPINE CHAMPIONSHIPS, Snow Basin Ski Club, Ogden, Utah.
- 15 American International College Trophy, giant slalom, men, Okemo Mt., Ludlow, Vt.
- 15-16 USEASA Men's Downhill and Slalom and Combined, Cannon Mt., Franconia, N.H.
- 20-22 NATIONAL JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIPS, downhill, slalom, jumping and cross-country, Winter Park, Colo.
- 22-23 NATIONAL VETERANS DOWNHILL AND SLALOM CHAMPIONSHIPS, Sun Valley Ski Club, Sun Valley, Idaho.
- 22 New England Kandahar, giant slalom, Cannon Mt., Franconia, N.H.

APRIL

- 1 NATIONAL VETERANS GIANT SLALOM CHAMPIONSHIPS, Twin Winter Sports Club, Twin, N. Mex.
- 5 Harvard-Yale-Princeton Slalom, Harvard Ski Club, Hingham Highway, Fitchburg North, N.H.
- 6 Superlaid Giant Slalom, men-women open, Superlaid Mt., Kingfield, Maine.
- 22-23 Super Slalom, Stowe, Vt.



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MY BIKE AND I

*An adult male bicyclist suffers
some privations—and rewards—
as a member of a minority group*

by WILL JONES

SSMALL BOYS laugh. Motorists honk their horns unmercifully. Friends greet me with curious smiles.

I am an adult male bicyclist. I have been one since a year ago last Father's Day, when I made myself a present of a bicycle—a sleek, black, thin-tired English job from that fine old importing firm, Montgomery Ward.

I'm learning what it is to be a member of a minority group. I've experienced all the reactions—from opposition to pity to reluctant tolerance.

The real impact of what it means to be a cyclist came to me when I started riding it to work, a 24-mile round trip. The only other adult I know who rides a bicycle to work in Minneapolis is a taxi driver. He pedals happily to the garage in the morning, drives his hack around town all day and then pedals happily home. When he discovered me riding to work, he greeted me like a long-lost brother. He repeats the performance every time he

sees me pedaling. If he greets me from his cab, he never hawks. He understands what the honking of auto horns does to a cyclist's nerves.

At first I wondered about this oft-sivagreeting of a fellow cyclist. I hadn't yet tasted the intolerance.

My employers administered the first blow. I started parking my shiny new bike in the lobby of the newspaper building where I work. The bike is a chrome-leader job, \$57.93, with a lot of gadgets—hand brakes, light, generator, tire pump, saddlebag and glitter, hung on its basically neat black lines. It attracted little crowds of people. Some of these people liked to play with the gadgets. I asked a kindly janitor if there were a less conspicuous place to leave the bike and was directed to a ramp at the rear of the building.

This happy parking arrangement lasted two days. I was summoned to the managing editor's office. He was

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"Where are they going to look checking up the limit?"

my own power, enjoying myself as points and yet ending up somewhere more useful than an 18th hole, is a kind of recreation that appeals to me. The somewhere frequently turns out to be similar to a 19th hole, however. Since downtown Minneapolis has proved to be so inhospitable to bicycles, I have increasingly gone in the other direction, with a friendly country saloon as a destination. Or the home of a suburban friend who can be relied upon to pour a drink for a dusty traveler.

There's one comment I hear practically every time I ride the bike—from both acquaintances and strangers:

"Continuing your education, sir?"

It never occurs to them that I'm enjoying myself. Nobody ever says to a small boy on a bike, "Getting your exercise, are you?"

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And even small boys don't understand, when they see me on a bicycle, that I'm probably having as many kicks as they are. Practically the only other cyclists I meet on the road are small boys. They eye me like a freak. Or they laugh. One kid yelled, "That thing big enough for you?" I admit to a certain amount of paunchiness, even after 18 months of cycling, but small boys make me feel like a performing elephant.

I get back at them, if they're going in the same direction I am. I pass them. Minneapolis boys are addicted to balloon-tire bikes. I have yet to see the balloon-tire bike I couldn't leave in the dust, no matter how sturdy the youth outside it.

Occasionally a kid will give the bike an evasive look, ignoring me. I have to admit I get the same pleasure out of this that I did when I was a kid myself and had a new bicycle and somebody noticed it. Growing older didn't dull the thrill of getting a brand-new bike, either. We took it out of the carton in the living room and assembled it with the entire family and a few relatives skidding.

Until now, I've been the only two-wheel man in the family. But the kids are getting to an age when they're graduating from trikes, mastering toy two-wheelers, trying out their friends' big bikes and demanding their own. My wife wants one, too. I'm all for it. My goal is a bike for every member of the family. It means an end to the gloomiest days of solitary cycling, there is no doubt of that.

But if I can unleash five more bloggers on a part of the world that's

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Dr. H. H. Sherman and Royal. Ferguson

Abstract

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RENAULT
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over **40** miles
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At the store like
 HARRISON'S, LEACH,
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 Write for name
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 nearest you.

MY BIKE AND I

continued

intolerably antibicycle. It may help bring an end to oppression. It'll mean five more people who will understand it's not nice to blast an auto horn at a cyclist when you're right behind him. (A polite toot from some distance back is appreciated, yes.) It'll be five more people who know the need for providing for bicycles on highways. (Superhighways are the worst, particularly at the cloverleafs. There's one cloverleaf between my home and my office that's all but impassable by bicycle at rush hour.) It'll mean five more people who will realize that a bicycle is a vehicle recognized by law, entitled to all the courtesy and regard accorded to any other vehicle on the road. Well, maybe not. When I'm driving a car, if there's anything that makes me nervous and irritable it's some jerk wheeling along at the side of the road, carefree as you please, on a bicycle. (G.B.B.)



GREAT MILE

Thirty-three years ago this week, 9,000 fans at the old Madison Square Garden in New York stood up and roared their approval as Paavo Nurmi, Finland's great distance runner, glided home, winner in the "dream" race of the day. Track events had waited for months for the meeting between Chicago cab driver Jole Ray, world indoor record holder (4:14.4), and the world outdoor record holder, Nurmi (4:10.4). Last out at the start, Nurmi moved up, passing runners in that precise style that caused many to liken him to a machine. Ray dropped his steps. Suddenly Ray burst ahead by three yards. But one and a half laps from the tape, Nurmi smoothly snatched the lead back and, glancing over his shoulder, moved home three yards ahead. The time—a new indoor record, 4:03.4. He came back 30 minutes later to beat Wilfrid Hilda in the 1,600-meter run, taking 18 seconds off the old indoor record.

Now... color pictures by just the light from the window



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NEW Super Anscochrome IS THAT FAST!

FILM SPEED 100 ...

So near if the light is right for black-and-white, it's right for color, too!

With Super Anscochrome in your camera you make color pictures as easily, and successfully, as black-and-white snapshots. New Super Anscochrome (Capeless Index 100) is the only color film that's actually faster than standard black-and-white film.

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super-speed shots with equal ease. And the color quality is superb!

Important! If yours is a simple, inexpensive snapshot camera, Super Anscochrome is too fast. Use regular Anscochrome (E.I. 32). It's available in 35mm, 126, 127, 328, 328, 16mm and short sizes for indoor and outdoor use.

Super Anscochrome, the premium-quality color film, is also premium-priced. 126 and 35mm sizes; daylight type. Ansco, A Division of General Aniline & Film Corp., Hinghamton, N. Y.



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The cigarette designed for men that women like

The filter delivers a smoke of surprising mildness

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The Marlboro Filter, Cellulose acetate is the modern effective filter material for cigarettes. This unretouched photo shows the cellulose acetate in just one Marlboro exclusive Selectaire Filter.